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THE MONTH

MAY 1951

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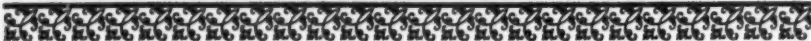
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EIGHTEEN FIFTY-ONE

By

ROGER FULFORD

TWO DAYS AFTER the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, Queen Victoria wrote to her uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians: "I wish you *could* have witnessed the 1st May, 1851, the *greatest* day in our history, the *most beautiful* and *imposing* and *touching* spectacle ever seen." When due allowance has been made for the Queen's enthusiastic exaggeration, we could all probably agree that what Thackeray once called "the sublime musayum" was a triumph of organization, an emphatic proof of the unity of peoples and an astonishing—almost awe-inspiring—spectacle. (Did not Charles Kingsley weep as he crossed the threshold of that dazzling structure?) Naturally enough many able writers have been busy during these past few months in recalling the vanished glories of the Exhibition, and it might perhaps form a useful appendix and corrective to their labours if some account of the condition and interests of English people in that year is set out.

In politics the most striking event was the seizure of power by Napoleon III in France; his manifesto to the army seems like the harbinger of all that evil rubbish which rose so readily to the lips of later European dictators. "The Assembly sought to impair the authority which I derive from the entire nation; it has ceased to exist. . . . In 1830 and in 1848 you were treated as a vanquished army. . . . By your imposing attitude assist the country in manifesting its will." At home the most controversial issue was the establishment of the Catholic bishoprics—familiar to our forbears in their forthright language as Papal Aggression. The deeper issues of this matter will be familiar to readers of this journal, but two consequences, illustrative of the feelings which were aroused, may be mentioned. The first consequence was that the head of the great Catholic house of Howard joined the English Church and the second that Catholics in England everywhere found themselves confronted by a revival of old suspicions and

afflictions. The important law case (still used by merciless examiners to tease students) of *Soltau v. De Held* is an example of the annoyance which Catholics had to face. Mr. Soltau was a wealthy London merchant living in the delectable suburb of Croydon. Half his house was occupied by a Catholic society (the Redemptorist Fathers); the Fathers rang their church bell throughout the day, beginning at five o'clock in the morning. The case came before the Lord Chief Justice and affords a fine example of the way in which English judges can rise above the passions and prejudices of the moment. He rightly observed that the case, which was only brought because of the prevailing surge of anti-Catholic feeling, involved matters of a character which ought never to be introduced to a court of law. These and the other grave issues of 1851—what might be called the historical significance of the year—have formed the subject of an admirable monograph lately published by the Historical Association. There would therefore be no point in retreading that path and I propose to deal with some of the less fundamental problems by which our ancestors were engrossed.

Those who remember the gay, masterly and still fascinating account of the Exhibition, written by Christopher Hobhouse at a time when the public was highly suspicious and critical of everything Victorian, may recall his account of the opposition to the whole project of the Exhibition which was fostered by the most vocal elements in the Conservative Party. In particular these frozen-minded gentry (and they have their counterpart in and out of the House of Commons to-day) fastened on the danger which would arise from the concentration of criminals in Kensington, who in the general influx of visitors would pass unnoticed as they laid their plans for arson, robbery and murder. Queen Victoria in the letter quoted above referred to these grumblers as "a certain set of fashionables and Protectionists." But it is clear from even the slightest survey of a newspaper of those days that those critics had fastened on something of very general concern, for crime exercised a species of fearful fascination over the minds of the respectable Victorians. Their terror both of robbery with violence and of fire was a part of their inmost being: it is only necessary to consider the defences of a Victorian home—the barred windows of the basement, the elaborate shutters and the elderly butler, armed with a ferocious blunder-

buss and snoring on top of the silver chest—to see how easily their fears on this subject could be roused. To-day the fears of these “fashionables and Protectionists” seem largely reactionary vapourings, but a closer examination of the times shows that, as is often the case, they were voicing the fears of a majority. In London hardly a week went by without an appalling fire, in which buildings and goods were utterly destroyed. In January alone there were two serious conflagrations—one at Houndsditch in the premises of a wholesale clothier employing 1,500 work-people. This was followed within a few days by an appalling fire in Eastcheap when the premises of a wholesale cheese and spice merchant were burned—the merchandise proving surprisingly inflammable. Perhaps the worst fire of the year was that at Messrs. Collard—the piano makers—in Camden Town. This was a winter fire, and the grandeur of the sight was long remembered because flames could be seen from no less than eighty-eight windows. The fire engines, though manfully worked, were not always effective and many prominent commercial houses maintained their own private engines. As night after night the London sky was lit up by the glow of fires the citizens had possibly more powers of understanding the Londoner of 1940 than is sometimes imagined. A study of these fires invites the reflection that in hardly any sphere has civilization made such important and beneficial advances as in the control of fire.

In the sphere of crime—though we are perhaps less interested in it and consequently less terrified by it than were our ancestors—the advance is less noticeable. Observers at this time pointed out the prevalence of burglaries accompanied by violence but, as Dickens had realized ten years earlier when he wrote *Oliver Twist*, the morbid interest of the public in criminals was colossal. Anyone, for instance, turning back to the columns of *The Times* for 1851 would be surprised at the space devoted to crime and the relish with which the word “horrible” was used to draw attention to it. The haunting face of Fagin at the window, which petrified poor Oliver, was a dramatic illustration of a feeling which he shared with a majority of children, spinsters and elderly ladies. It is not therefore surprising that one of the minor exhibits at the Crystal Palace was a fine variety of locks. An American gentleman exhibited a “paranthotic bank-lock” and offered £500 for anyone who could pick it. (The word “paranthotic” finds no

place in the *Oxford Dictionary*.) The ingenious inventor was able after fifty-one hours to pick the lock exhibited by Messrs. Bramah, and to win their reward of £200.

Some people to-day are inclined to speak as if lawlessness is something new—an uncomfortable legacy of two wars: but it is only necessary to read of an affray between poachers and game-keepers in 1851 to see that even during the height of the *Pax Britannica* outbreaks of "gangsterism" were not unknown. In that year a dozen men armed with blunderbusses and one sword attacked Lord Bathurst's preserves: they felled one of the seven keepers with the sword who cried out, "Bless you, be men: take all the game in the wood, only let me go." They were eventually apprehended and, in contrast to the leniency of modern poaching fines, they were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and the leader to transportation.

In such circumstances it was hardly surprising that private citizens were prone to take the law into their own hands, and men (often totally unfitted) were armed with lethal weapons. In Cumberland that year a nervous clergyman succeeded in shooting one of his most valuable parishioners—a farmer who had lost his way after a convivial market day. At twelve o'clock at night the clergyman heard an unusual noise outside. Being highly nervous he had had triple locks put on his front door. He hurriedly undid these and taking his pistol he fired blindly into the dark. In evidence he explained that he had always disliked fishing and shooting and was nervous of fire-arms, but in spite of his lack of practice each bullet had struck a vulnerable part of the farmer, who was found dead when daylight came. Hardly less surprising was an episode at Oxford. A gentleman, called Mr. Caudwell, who had thrived by lending money to needy undergraduates, built himself a conspicuously strange house by Folly Bridge. He managed to include as ornaments for this residence three large pieces of cannon which (though on a larger scale) must have resembled Mr. Wemmick's home in *Great Expectations*. A party of merry undergraduates from Christ Church made some effort to seize the cannon at night. The moneylender immediately poked his head out of one of the windows and fired a blunderbuss, severely wounding one of the young gentlemen. Nor in those days were labour disputes free from their accompaniment of powder and shot. At Manchester, members of the Brickmakers

Trade Union had been in the habit of attacking the brickfield of an unpopular and obdurate employer. In a desperate attack the trade unionists were met with a volley of fire when they were trying to trample on the newly made bricks, so as to make them useless. When it was seen that the trade unionists continued the attack in spite of fire from the blunderbusses, the defenders wheeled out an ancient cannon. This was filled with a curious mixture of musket-balls and marbles, but the effect of this discharge was devastating, killing one union man and scattering the others. The peaceful calm of England was likewise disturbed by a series of railway accidents which were constant and alarming. These could more accurately be described as "smashes" rather than "accidents" since there were often more than two trains involved. Students of Dickens's life will remember his campaign (though rather after 1851) for greater care on the railways and the picture of Mr. Carker's death in *Dombey and Son* with its astonishingly powerful description of the iron moloch is characteristic of the feelings of many English people at that time. Even Queen Victoria wrote to her Government to know if action could not be taken to minimise these accidents.

All these elements therefore combined to make mid-Victorian England less secure and less free from alarms than is sometimes supposed. The fears and anxieties of the twentieth century naturally loom large to us and make us look back to the 1850's as a time of halcyon calm. But in fact they had their terrors and apprehensions, though they were internal rather than external. But they faced them on the whole with enviable equanimity and robustness. They did not look over their shoulders to days that were gone but forward to what was ahead. To them it would have seemed incomprehensible to hold an exhibition in 1851 as a species of commemoration for one held a century earlier. They were buoyed up with the feeling that the human race was striding ahead. Nor, as they progressed, were they so insensitive to human suffering and misfortune as is sometimes too glibly supposed by their descendants. This is borne out by a case which attracted some notice eight weeks before the Exhibition started. A man of seventy-four—an engraver called William Barton—was found starved to death off Brunswick Square. Barton and his wife, who had moved in highly respectable social circles, had been helped by Sisters of Mercy but they were reluctant to apply for parish

relief. The Coroner said: "It really is awful that in the nineteenth century, and amidst such wealth as abounds in this neighbourhood, and in which are so many charitable institutions, a fellow creature should die of starvation. It is one of the most appalling cases that I have encountered. The deceased's body resembled an Egyptian mummy." The point of course to note is that they were not a callous generation but they failed to see that their machinery of relief was not always capable of dealing with the exceptional cases.

No doubt as a generation our forbears in 1851 were far more indifferent to comfort than we are to-day. For example, a severe fire in April of that year revealed the rather austere arrangements which were made for some of the visitors to London. In that month a great furniture depository by the Thames was burned. Here was stored much good furniture left by officers and civilians serving overseas, and one wing of the depository had been converted into model sleeping apartments for Exhibition visitors. This wing was, happily, saved, but it seems improbable that many visitors to the Festival this year would be satisfied with the barrack-like severity of the depository. And even in the Crystal Palace itself, in those happy days when unlimited joints of meat could be bought for prices which averaged rather more than three shillings for eight pounds in Smithfield Market, the refreshments were restricted to rather stale cakes and sandwiches and fizzy drinks, and caused general grumbling. To this there was a curious repercussion. An elderly lady had had for many years a hut on the site of the Crystal Palace: here she had sold delicious ginger-nuts and curds and whey. The Commissioners of the Exhibition who had a monopoly over refreshments drove her from the pitch, but she reappeared with a large basket claiming that she had a hereditary right to it because her grandfather had extricated King George II from the Serpentine when he fell in. This was proved to be a poignant but ingenious invention.

The year 1851 saw the usual manifestations of eccentricity which mark the English race. One of the minor consequences of the invasion of London by foreigners was the introduction of the female dress called "Bloomers." Those were an American invention and every effort to ridicule them was made—such as the suggestion that they were only worn by barmaids and female lecturers and students at Bedford College. But in spite of this the

fashion made some headway. While it might be a mistake to suggest that the conquest of air travel had any of the signs of eccentricity, ballooning was taken up with great fervour in this year. The Duke of Brunswick—the son of Byron's fated chieftain and a relative of the Royal Family—decided to try the balloon as a means of avoiding the rough crossing to France. The Duke travelled with a speaking trumpet, and by this means he was able to address the slightly startled occupants of fishing boats as he sailed above them. He eventually landed close to a station between Boulogne and Amiens after a five-hour trip and the Duke at once took his seat in the train for Paris. Another balloonist was less fortunate. Rising from Batty's Hippodrome in Kensington—this was a little to the east of where Barker's now stands—the balloon got into difficulties and narrowly avoided a crash on the Crystal Palace. Visitors were perturbed at hearing the rattle of the sand ballast on the glass roof. The balloon finally became entangled in the chimney pots of Arlington Street and the aeronauts were flung senseless on the roof of one of the houses.

Remembering the great issues of the times—religious and political—and noticing those less momentous events which temporarily seized the imagination or interest of the Victorians we can form some broad idea of that blend of the practical and the ideal which coloured the lives of those distant mid-Victorians and explains the gay fantasy of the Crystal Palace. The great master of that particular epoch (Mr. G. M. Young) has compared the mid-Victorians in their exuberance and facility with the later Elizabethans: it was (as he says) "an age of flashing eyes and curling lips," "easily touched," "easily shocked," and "ready to spurn, to flaunt, to admire, and, above all, to preach." Possibly we have lost some of their spirit and exuberance.

PHILOSOPHY AND LANGUAGE

By

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

THAT PHILOSOPHY in the past has often taken the form of what may be called linguistic analysis or the clarification of language can hardly be denied. It is clear, for example, that Plato did not and could not discover objective values in the same way that an explorer discovers a hitherto unknown island or an entomologist a hitherto unknown insect. If Plato discovered objective subsistent values, he discovered them by thinking. By thinking about what? About the sort of statements which people are accustomed to make concerning, for instance, just actions and just persons. Whether we think that Plato's analysis was correct or incorrect, adequate or inadequate, wise or foolish, he certainly considered that an analysis of ethical language reveals the implicit recognition of objective values.

It is, of course, one thing to say that a good deal of philosophy has taken the form of linguistic analysis and another thing to say that the philosopher's function consists exclusively in linguistic analysis or the clarification of language. This identification of philosophy with analysis is not infrequently made in contemporary philosophical circles. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that to make this identification is equivalent to affirming the truth of what is known as logical positivism. Some analysts have doubtless been influenced by logical positivism; but others have been more influenced by other factors, by, for example, the common-sense philosophy of Professor G. E. Moore. In any case linguistic analysis as such is not the same thing as logical positivism. In the first place analysis is not a system of philosophy at all: it is a philosophical method. In the second place whereas logical positivism analyses the scientific statement in a certain way and then on the basis of this analysis asserts (or, if preferred, proposes) a narrow criterion of meaning, linguistic analysis as such does not

accord any privileged position to scientific statements nor does it assert any narrow and arbitrary criterion of meaning. It is true, of course, that the logical positivist tends to reduce the function of the philosopher to analysis; but one is not entitled to draw the conclusion that anyone who says that the philosopher's function consists in analysis is a logical positivist. For the latter interprets the nature and scope of analysis in the light of philosophical positions which have no essential relation to linguistic analysis as such. There is no compelling reason why a linguistic analyst should not approach the different types and ranges of human discourse with an open mind: he is not committed to any initial hostility towards metaphysics or theology.

It is, however, easy to understand how some people get the impression that logical positivism and linguistic analysis are more or less the same thing. There is a large group of analysts who appear to believe that many, perhaps even all, philosophical problems which have puzzled thinkers in the past had their origin in an insufficient analysis of language. In a properly clarified language metaphysical problems could not even be raised, while an analysis of metaphysical statements reveals a misuse of terms. It is true that these rather tough-minded analysts would say that metaphysics is largely based on a misunderstanding of the statements which we make in ordinary life rather than that metaphysical propositions are meaningless because they fail to satisfy a criterion based on a particular analysis of scientific statements. But in so far as their attitude implies that the function of the philosopher is, paradoxically, to eliminate philosophical puzzles and problems through the practice of linguistic analysis, one can understand how they come to be confused with the logical positivists proper.

Those who are interested in the linguistic movement will want to see actual examples of linguistic analysis. These can be found in *The Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* and in periodicals like *Mind*. But Mr. A. G. N. Flew, a lecturer at the university of Aberdeen, has performed a useful task in reprinting ten papers by various authors in a volume entitled *Logic and Language*.¹ The particular essays chosen were selected among other reasons for their intelligibility to the layman (papers involving symbolism being excluded) and for their utility to university students of

¹ *Essays on Logic and Language*, edited with an introduction by Antony Flew (Blackwell 16s).

philosophy. For the most part the papers chosen reveal the attitude to which I have already referred, namely, the belief that philosophical puzzles can be cleared up by revealing the linguistic sources of these puzzles. And I want to give one or two illustrations of this.

In his paper on *Systematically Misleading Expressions*, written some twenty years ago, Professor Gilbert Ryle announces that he is inclined to believe that the sole function of philosophy is "the detection of the sources in linguistic idioms of recurrent misconstructions and absurd theories." We have seen this belief exemplified in his book *The Concept of Mind*. Professor J. N. Findlay in an interesting paper on *Time* suggests that philosophical puzzles about time which lead people to speak of time as "paradoxical" or "mysterious" can be cleared up if, and only if, one recognizes their origin "not in any genuine obscurity in our experience but in our ways of thinking and talking." One should add, however, that in a note at the beginning of his paper Professor Findlay remarks that though he still agrees with the general approach embodied in the paper "I am now inclined to attach rather more positive value and importance to the metaphysical perplexities and positions it deals with." Mr. Paul Edwards maintains that Earl Russell's doubts about induction and his notion that we must appeal to a non-empirical principle in order to justify induction are really due to using words in a strange sense. In a paper on *The Philosopher's Use of Analogy* Miss Margaret Macdonald argues that the plausibility of most philosophical theories is largely due to the philosopher's "curious practice of using words by analogy without giving the analogy any intelligible application." In an interesting essay on *The Language of Political Theory* the same author maintains that the use of terms like "contract" and "organism" by political theorists when speaking about the State does not provide us with factual information about the State of which we were previously unaware. But the person who uses the contractual language feels differently about the State from the way in which the person who uses the language of the organic theory feels about it, and each theorist wants by the aid of a picture or analogy to draw attention to or to stress certain facts about political relationships rather than other facts. The two ways of picturing political relationships "may, then, have very different practical and psychological effects

which may induce people to want to go on using them, although they learn nothing much from them about political affairs."

One can discern the influence of various factors on the several contributors to this volume. In his introduction Mr. Flew draws attention to "the enormous influence, direct and indirect, of the oral teachings of Professor Wittgenstein." He also mentions "that apostle of common-sense and linguistic propriety, Professor G. E. Moore." In spite of what I have said about the desirability of distinguishing between linguistic analysis and logical positivism I think that one can also discern the influence in some cases of the doctrine about verification maintained by the latter philosophy in its more rigid form. But to say that this doctrine has exercised an influence is not to say that it has been simply adopted. Indeed, in Dr. Waismann's paper on *Verifiability* one can find an excellent criticism of the (to my mind) untenable view that the meaning of a statement is the method of its verification. "That there is a very close relation," says Dr. Waismann, "between content and verification is an important insight which has been brought to light by empiricists. Only one has to be very careful how to formulate it. Far from identifying the meaning of a statement with the evidences we have for it, the view I tried to sketch leads to a sort of many-level-theory of language in which 'every sort of statement has its own sort of logic.'" But I do not want to waste time putting forward my conjectures about the influences which have operated on the contributors to this volume and about their reactions to these influences. I want rather to make a few rather tentative comments about what the linguistic analysts are doing.

In the first place the analysts use their technique to clear up some philosophical messes. To take an example which has already been referred to. If the State is called an organism, the word 'organism' is obviously being used analogically. If then we ask what is meant by calling the State an organism, the meaning will have to be explained by pointing to various facts which we already know. For example, we do not use the word 'State' to denote exclusively a particular set of citizens: my death does not involve the cessation of the State. But if by calling the State an organism one is not simply calling attention, by the aid of a picture or analogy, to certain facts which one thinks important, one may be using the word 'organism' in order to express and stimulate

a peculiar attitude of reverence to the State. And the desirability of this sort of procedure is highly questionable. Again, if one uses the language of the contractual theory one may wish to draw attention to facts of which we are already aware but which one thinks it important to stress. For example, the government has a responsibility towards the citizens. But if by using the language of the contractual theory one means to assert that political society actually rests on a contractual basis one will find difficulty in showing that one is saying anything sensible.

Another, and rather crude, example of linguistic analysis would be the following. If I saw a man standing beside a giant bomber, I might exclaim: "How small the man is." If, however, I saw the man standing beside a circus dwarf, I might be prepared to agree that the man was large. As an ordinary person I should know perfectly well what I meant by the statements. But suppose that a philosopher who heard the statements went on to comment that the man, according to me, was both large and small and that in this case he both is and is not and that in this case he must occupy a position between being and not-being. All that would be necessary in order to dispose of this sort of thing would be to show that the original statement that the man standing beside the bomber was small meant that the man was smaller than the bomber and that the original statement that the man standing beside the dwarf was large meant that the man was larger than the dwarf. Once it had been made clear that the words 'large' and 'small' are relative words and that they do not denote absolute properties of a subject, the absurdity of going on to talk about 'being' and 'not-being' should become manifest. Again, take the statement "Sherlock Holmes wore a deerstalker's cap." Such a statement does not mislead the ordinary man at all: he is perfectly aware what is meant. But it is at any rate possible for a philosopher to be misled into raising the question what sort of existence must be attributed to Sherlock Holmes if it is true to say of Holmes that he wore a deerstalker's cap. A question of this kind can be raised because the statement that Sherlock Holmes wore a deerstalker's cap is similar in form to the statement that Mr. Neville Chamberlain frequently carried an umbrella. But the statement about Holmes can be translated into a statement which has the same meaning but which is less likely to give rise to philosophical puzzles.

I should not like it to be thought, however, that I subscribe to the view that all philosophical disputes are 'merely verbal.' I do not think that this is the case. It may well be that Plato was partly misled by language when he attributed to values the kind of objectivity which he apparently did attribute to them. But it may also well be that ordinary ethical statements do imply that values are objective in some sense. Indeed, I am convinced that this is actually the case. And if we want to know in what precise sense values are objective, it is no good asking the 'ordinary man' what sort of objectivity he intends to attribute to values; for though he doubtless knows how to use valuational statements correctly it is unlikely that he can give a clear account of the implications of the statements which he makes. We have to consider what his statements 'really mean.' And to ask what his statements 'really mean' is to ask what is the state of affairs which they exhibit or express. And a discussion of this sort is not a 'merely verbal' discussion, even though it is carried on in words and is in a sense about the meaning of words and statements. Again, it is sometimes said that when Aristotle expounded his doctrine of the four causes he was simply illustrating the various senses in which the word *aitia* could be used in the Greek language. This is obviously true in a sense. But it does not follow that any dispute about the truth or falsity of Aristotle's doctrine of causes is a 'merely verbal' dispute. Of course, if another philosopher admitted all the facts to which Aristotle appealed, but at the same time said that the facts which were labelled by Aristotle as 'final causality' ought not to be given the name, their dispute might perhaps be termed a 'merely verbal' dispute. If they both admitted the same facts and differed only about the propriety of using a certain term to cover a certain set of those facts, they would be in a position analogous to that of two men discussing whether a certain unnamed eminence should be called a 'mountain' or a 'hill,' when they are both perfectly aware of the exact height of the eminence. If Aristotle and his friend both admit the same facts, they can settle their dispute by the simple expedient of agreeing on a definition of causality. But let us suppose that they do not agree about the facts. Let us suppose, for example, that the friend maintains that the facts which Aristotle adduces as instances of 'final causality' are not facts at all and that there is only efficient causality. In this case I do not think that the dispute can properly

be called a merely verbal dispute. It cannot be settled simply by agreeing on a definition: a further inspection of the facts or state of affairs is necessary. Aristotle's friend does not deny that people make the sort of statements which Aristotle regards as statements of final causality: what he denies is that statements of this kind exhibit a real state of affairs. And if this is what he is denying the dispute is not merely verbal.

The name 'linguistic analysis' may therefore be rather misleading, if, that is to say, it is taken to mean that the analysis in question is carried on without any reference at all to the facts, but only to the way in which people speak about what may or may not be facts. The analysts are, of course, aware that philosophical analysis is not 'merely verbal.' Thus Professor Ryle remarks that the systematic restatement which he regards as the function of the philosopher is controlled "not by desire for elegance or stylistic correctness, but by desire to exhibit the forms of the facts into which philosophy is the inquiry." There is, then, he says, a sense in which we can properly inquire what a sentence "really means." "For we can ask what is the real form of the facts recorded when this is concealed or disguised and not duly exhibited by the expression in question. And we can often succeed in stating this fact in a new form of words which does exhibit what the other failed to exhibit." But if philosophical analysis has reference to the facts it seems fairly clear that a good deal of traditional philosophizing can be included under the title of 'linguistic analysis.' "No ordinary person," says Miss Macdonald, "has any difficulty with Aristotle's substantial change for the propositions describing it are used differently from those describing other kinds of change." This is perfectly true. But if I wish to explain to someone what Aristotle meant by substantial change, and if in order to do this I draw attention to the sort of statement which the person is accustomed to make or at least to understand, I am equivalently drawing attention to the state of affairs exhibited or expressed by these statements. I am indeed showing what is meant by statements about change, and in this sense I am practising linguistic analysis; but it would be a mistake to suppose that I am not referring to the facts at all. Thus a considerable amount of traditional philosophizing can, as I have suggested, be included under the name of linguistic analysis or the clarification of language. And if this is the case the claim which is often

made by analysts that linguistic analysis is the function of the philosopher need not necessarily be such a revolutionary claim as one might imagine it to be if one had not attempted to examine what the analysts are actually doing when they practise analysis.

Is linguistic analysis the whole of philosophy? The answer to this question obviously depends in large part on the meaning one gives to 'linguistic analysis.' If one understands by it simply the restatement of the common-sense propositions of ordinary language with a view to excluding philosophical 'puzzles,' I certainly do not think that it is identical with philosophy. In fact, if this is the job of the philosopher, one might perhaps find a better occupation and one more useful to the community. Moreover, what are common-sense propositions? Some propositions, as, for example, "there are things other than my own body," would be universally or practically universally admitted to be common-sense propositions. But a statement like "God exists" was at one time considered a common-sense proposition, even if it is not now so considered in wide circles. But since when has the man in the street become the arbiter of respectable propositions? If, however, linguistic analysis means the logical analysis of statements, it is obviously a part of philosophy, and a very important part. But there is this point to be noticed. Statements about unobservable entities doubtless reveal themselves under linguistic analysis as being 'queer' in some sense; and it is necessary to ask what they assert. From a reading of Dr. John Wisdom's paper entitled *Gods* it is not at all clear to me whether the author thinks or does not think that statements about God assert anything intelligible. Mr. Flew apparently interprets him as thinking that they do not; but Dr. Wisdom's dialectical method seems to me to leave his own position on this matter somewhat obscure. However, that there are difficulties in regard to statements about unobservable entities I should not attempt to deny. But it seems to me not only that it can be shown that something is asserted by such statements, but also that reflection on the facts (or on statements which exhibit the facts), when the term 'facts' denotes the empirical data, may force us to extend the meaning of words in the way in which it is extended in metaphysical analogy. Are we faced with bare isolated facts which owe any intelligible grouping they may be given simply to the practical purposes of the human being, or can the mind discern a real relationship on

the part of 'the facts' to an entity or to entities which transcend the facts? If one thinks that it can, is one thereby committed to denying the identification of philosophy with linguistic analysis? I suppose that a good many people would answer spontaneously "yes." But I am not sure that this is the only possible answer. One might maintain, for example, that the 'third way' of St. Thomas takes the form of an analysis of the statement that there are contingent beings. It might be objected that a metaphysician like St. Thomas was concerned with the analysis of things and not with the analysis of language. But if there is going to be a process of argument at all, the state of affairs on which one reflects must be expressed in a statement or in statements. We carry on all our philosophizing by means of language. Moreover, I have already argued that linguistic analysis is not in any case oblivious of 'the facts.'

Hence I do not think that the question whether or not philosophy can be identified with linguistic analysis is a question of prime importance. For the term 'linguistic analysis' can be understood in such a way that it will cover what the person who denies the identification wishes to preserve for philosophy. A much more important question is whether linguistic analysis does or does not dispose of metaphysics. The contributors to the volume under review seem, generally speaking, to write as if this were the case. But in order to show that it is the case one must either adopt a logical positivist position or one must show that metaphysical statements assert nothing which could be true or false. I am convinced that this has not been shown and cannot be shown. And the idea that it can be shown is certainly not essential to a belief in the value of linguistic analysis. The contributors to this volume represent one current of thought in the linguistic movement; but it is not the only current. What is more, there is at least one contributor who now attaches much more value to metaphysical questions and statements than he was formerly inclined to do. It is to be hoped that analysis will gradually shake off what may be called in rather loose language the logical positivist influence.

GERMAN FESTIVAL HUNTS

By

HUGH MURRAY-BAILLIE

THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE ELECTORS PALATINE at Schwetzingen, a few miles south and west of Heidelberg, is principally known and visited for its extensive eighteenth-century gardens and the pavilions in them. Few visitors spare the time to go over the main building with its shabby rooms and their worn early-Victorian wall-paper and furniture. Apart from a few indifferent prints and the usual poor copies of princely portraits, these rooms are hung with a set of nineteen large and, until recently, very dirty pictures by an unknown artist. They are recorded as depicting a series of hunts organized for two successive Electors Palatine during the first half of the eighteenth century. It was not until they were cleaned in 1949 that their interest as historical documents could be fully appreciated. I am indebted to the courtesy of the Landesdenkmalamt, Carlsruhe, who photographed them at my request, for the plates published with this article.

The German Princes and the Chase.

If eighteenth-century Germany was dominated by the conflict between Austria and Prussia, it was the 300 odd courts of varying sizes and pretensions that set the pace for the social development of the country. The political rivalry of princes limited social and economic progress and doomed Germany to commercial stagnation. The tyranny of even well-intentioned princes depressed the middle classes, reducing them to dependence on their courts and producing a population of lawyers, bureaucrats and soldiers. The services of princes to Architecture, the Fine Arts and Music were considerable but an analysis of their patronage, which is

long overdue, would establish how limited and selfish it was. All their services to culture cannot obscure the fact that by their political system the German princes sapped the moral stamina of a great nation. It is this fact that makes the study of their courts relevant today.

The interest of the Schwetzingen pictures is that they show an aspect of court life which, ephemeral though it was, was of overriding importance in its own day. The German princes were, with few exceptions, passionate and ruthless devotees of the chase. It was not only a form of exercise with them but it satisfied deeper needs. The brutality of certain aspects of the sport need not be emphasized, for at the same date these islands harboured customs equally or even more shocking to modern sensibilities. It is, however, significant of a certain backwardness that the baiting of animals, which in other countries was becoming increasingly a sport for the lower orders, was still the pleasure of the leaders of German society. To a certain extent the hunt could be regarded as a political necessity. Although the Treaties of Westphalia had given *de facto* sovereignty to the German princes, they had not changed the terms of the tenure of their authority: they were still the vassals of the Emperor. They had the power but not the right, and it was their perpetual endeavour to make good their pretence to that right. The palaces, the armies, the etiquette that made their courts so abysmally dull, the opera and the hunts, the attributes of contemporary royalty they assumed, not, as often imagined, in vain imitation of Louis XIV but as a manifesto of their independence of their sovereign, the Emperor, and a declaration of their right to rule their subjects. Hunting, always the prerogative of a privileged class, was closely linked with the exercise of sovereignty. Even today, the hunting pink of the English hunts is a reminder that their members, clad in the royal livery, are enjoying a royal right originally granted to them by licence. In Germany, hunting was reserved to the nobility but within that class it was ruled by sharp definitions. The rigid stratification of society until 1806 was reflected in the strict hierarchy of game. Below the Emperor, the higher nobility, who had seats and votes as Estates of the Empire in the College of Princes of the Imperial Diet, looked across a yawning gulf at the lower nobility, those princes and counts with only a Collegiate vote and the barons and knights with no representation at all.

Sport, as always, reflected the usages of snobbery. The lower nobility was permitted to hawk as a pastime but falconry was a sovereign pleasure. An immense social difference separated the wolves, hares and rabbits, the birds of prey (except eagles and eagle-owls), the wild geese and duck, which fell to the guns of the lower nobility, and those stags, wild boars, bears, cranes and pheasants, classed as *most noble*, to which was reserved the honour of being massacred by an Estate of the Holy Roman Empire. Thus the chase was not merely a sport to the German prince, it was, as I have said, part of his princely function. By killing the game reserved to his caste, he asserted his sovereign position both to his subjects and his suzerain. One of the reasons for the progressive elaboration of the hunt, both in ceremonial and in decoration, was that it took on at one point in the minds of its participants something of the character of an act of state.

The "Eingestellte Jagd."

The form of hunt depicted in the Schwetzingen pictures is one peculiar to Germany during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the *eingestellte* or enclosed, pre-arranged hunt. A few weeks before the hunt was due to take place, beaters started to drive large numbers of wild animals of all kinds into a wood which was then enclosed with portable canvas screens. A shooting-stand for the few whose rank entitled them to take part in the sport was set up near a river or lake: if none were available, an artificial pond was dug. On other occasions, the stand was set up on a raft or ship in the middle of a lake or river. On the appointed day, the animals were driven down alleyways, formed of screens, to the water where they were shot. The flow of victims was regulated by transverse screens or by bunches of feathers slung on ropes. (In Wuerttemberg, these were exacted from the Jews as an annual tribute.) Stands were also put up for the spectators who flocked to admire the prince's skill as a shot and it became usual to devise some kind of artificial background to the slaughter. It is this artificial background that the Schwetzingen pictures depict in great detail and which is described by the actor and dramatist, A. W. Iffland, in a letter of November 26, 1779, to his father.

... I also recently attended a masked hunt at Schwetzingen. It

was a very sumptuous affair and cost fifty thousand gulden.¹ Stands had been erected for nine thousand spectators. Screens with mountains painted on them had been set up on the site of the hunt, which was quite flat. It was really quite a new experience to see in the open air mountains, castles, bridges and terraces, all painted as large as life. These screens had been put up in a semi-circle and the stands in another, thus forming a complete ring. Wild boars, foxes, badgers and hares were driven through a little gate high up in the painted mountains and when they piled up on the plank runways, they fell off, fifty and sixty of them at a time and made the earth crackle. . . . The blowing of extra posts in Mannheim the day before and the din of hunting horns, musical bands, coaches and drunks on the eve of the hunt was unbelievable . . . and so it goes on all the time. . . .²

In other words, the animals, maddened by fear and the noise of trumpets, drums and guns, were driven on to planks set among the scenery and thus provided a running target not unlike that offered on a reduced scale by certain shooting-booths at fairs.

As can be imagined, the planning of a diversion on this scale was a business which employed all the talent available in these tiny states. For instance, in a hunt held near Neckargemuende in 1788, the published description states that the Bailiwick of Heidelberg bore the costs of the entertainments provided during the hunt and the subsequent water-party. The chief official of the Bailiwick, a privy councillor, drew up the plan of the festivities; Abel Schlicht (1754-1826), a professor at the Electoral Academy of Fine Arts at Duesseldorf who held the post of Court Architect but who in reality designed the scenery of the Mannheim opera, was responsible for the settings, which were painted by Hubert Wilwerth, scene-painter at the same opera since 1766. The Court Librarian at Mannheim produced the texts of the songs, the loyal inscriptions and the final publication. In this hunt, the settings followed the usual pattern but in addition a mock village inn was built near the shooting-stand to provide refreshment for the principal guests. A "Turkish" band played before it and the

¹ A seven-course meal at one of the best inns in Vienna, an expensive city, cost 0.4 gulden. The Emperor Francis I, like most consorts a careful prince, dissuaded the Maritime Powers from trying to bribe the Elector Palatine into an alliance on the grounds that all the money would go on hunts, operas and balls instead of soldiers.

² F. W. Utsch: *Der Jaeger aus Churpfalz* (Munich, 1913), p. 26, quoted *Kunstdenkmaeler Badens: Stadt Schwetzingen* (Carlsruhe, 1933), p. 86.

artillery required to drink a health in the proper style was furnished by setting up a battery of guns on a tower specially built on the ruins of a neighbouring castle.

The pleasant country of the Palatinate, with its frequent and easy waterways and the contrast of the flat Rhenish plain with the mountains of the Haardt and the Odenwald, offered a great variety of scenery for the hunts and afforded many opportunities for a water-party to conclude them. On the occasion of the hunt at Neckargemuende in 1788, a cabin decked with garlands was set up on two boats lashed together and the whole contrivance sailed some six miles downstream to Heidelberg. Both banks were lined with set scenes provided by each parish and manned by the inhabitants in appropriate costume. All the decorative formulae of the period had been exploited and the party sailed past Roman Temples, Triumphal Arches, Colonnades, Obelisks, Nymph-ridden Grottoes, fake Castles and Arcadian Fairs until the proceedings closed with the inevitable firework display on arrival at Heidelberg. Progresses of this type were the model for Potemkin's most flamboyant gesture: the voyage into Tauris of Catherine the Great in 1788.

Unlike falconry and the stag-hunt, which called on the services of highly trained and expensive specialists, the pre-arranged hunt required only large numbers of beaters, who were unpaid and raised by feudal levy from among the local peasantry. The princely army provided the music, the artillery and the loaders required to keep the prince supplied with an uninterrupted sequence of loaded guns. The local opera-house provided the carpenters and scene-painters but, even so, the cost of the pre-arranged hunt was as spectacular as its decorative possibilities: two qualities which endeared it to the German princes. Moreover, it could be easily combined with the animal-baiting that was so universal and conspicuous an element in the public entertainments of the period. It was also of some importance that this almost ceremonial slaughter lent itself particularly well to the pageantry with which the princes surrounded themselves on even their most insignificant public appearances. It was the form of hunt in which the prince and his skill could be most easily shown off to the greatest number of people. It provided the same opportunity for the prince's exhibition and self-dramatization as the tournament and the masque. Consequently, it remains in conception the child

of the Baroque attitude that gave it birth; a fact that is not without importance in its decorative development.

The hardship inflicted upon the rural population by this amusement of a small class was considerable. In order to maintain a sufficiently high number of heads of game, savage game laws prevented the peasant from defending his crops against the inroads of wild animals. The only measure he was allowed to take was to stay up at night and make sufficient noise to frighten them away—not a very effective measure against famished wild boar in search of potatoes. Forced labour as beaters involved long and frequent absences from the fields at vital periods. The beaters were unpaid and had to bear the expense of their journeys, which were often several days' travel away from their homes, and feed and lodge themselves as best they could. Only too often they would be kept hanging about for days while the date of the hunt was put off by a princely whim. The danger to life and limb, especially in winter, need not be emphasized.

On the other hand, although it was infinitely more wasteful than the other forms, the pre-arranged hunt was less unpopular among the local population. It gave pleasure to a considerable number of people and was the excuse for a holiday for a whole district. The beaters were fairly sure of making some money in tips and usually managed to obtain some of the carcasses. The stag-hunt, which was equally onerous, since the peasant had to keep the hounds which were billeted on him and the actual hunting devastated his fields, did not give him so much return in pageantry.

The Palatine hunts in the first half of the eighteenth century were only eclipsed by those of the dukes of Wuertemberg in the second. By the third quarter of the century, the disapproval both of Frederick the Great of Prussia and the Emperor Joseph II was having its effect. Prince after prince gave up his hunting privileges and the *eingestellte* hunt died out except in Wuertemberg, where the last of these hunts took place against the background of the European disaster of the Grande Armée.

The Schwetzingen Pictures.

Hunting pictures are not rare in Germany, and in view of the importance attached to the chase by the German courts, this is not surprising. They were a common form of decoration in

palaces as well as in country houses or shooting-lodges and were often grouped together in an ante-room or drawing-room, which took its name from them. The Schwetzingen pictures, however, lack certain characteristics that hunting pictures, as a class, usually present.

In the first place, when a set of pictures does not portray particularly fine or abnormal animals, such as those shown in "The Hundred Most Remarkable Stags," engraved by J. E. Ridinger (1698-1767), or favourite hounds or falcons, it was usual for it to depict the different forms of the chase.¹ The Schwetzingen pictures deal exclusively with the pre-arranged hunt.

It was also usual in hunting pictures to give particular prominence to the patrons for whom they were painted and who liked to commemorate particular incidents in them. Thus G. A. Eger (1727-1808) shows his patron, Landgrave Ludwig VIII of Hesse-Darmstadt, perhaps to his best advantage, among his famous herd of white deer. P. J. Horremans (1700-1776) painted a set for the Amalienburg, in the gardens of Nymphenburg near Munich, which shows the Elector of Bavaria and his family with their falcons setting out for the boar- or stag-hunt, or condoling with one another after a hunting accident. In each picture the members of the Electoral family are clearly identifiable, always the focus of interest and grouped together in the foreground. The Elector Clement Augustus of Cologne figures largely in the decoration of the staircase ceiling in his hunting-lodge at Falkenslust, near Bruehl. The father and uncles of King George I omitted no details of the hunt-breakfast in vast life-size compositions at Herrenhausen and even the Corporal King of Prussia had himself painted, with the future Frederick II in reluctant attendance, hunting at Koenigswuesterhausen.² The lack of any emphasis on the patron is particularly marked in the Schwetzingen pictures, several of which certainly make a feature of the arms and cipher of the

¹ They were differentiated by the weapon used to finish off the quarry. In the "French" or stag-hunt, the stag at bay was killed with a short sword and the participants wore red coats. Wild boars were impaled on a short spear and a grey coat was worn. Falconry was practised in a blue coat and a green coat was used with the flint-lock in the "German" hunt, which included stalking, the walking shoot or blazing away in the pre-arranged drive.

² "The late King of Prussia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, used to oblige the Jews to buy them, at a high price, though they could eat none of them, so they defrayed the cost of his hunting."—Lord Chesterfield to his Son, February 15, 1754.

Elector Palatine but which, on the whole, seem to make a point of hiding the principals of the hunt behind their suites. It is obvious that the main interest of the artist lay in the decoration of the hunt and that the Schwetzingen pictures were intended primarily as a record of the hunt settings.

The marked lack of emphasis on the patron may serve to give a date to some of the pictures at Schwetzingen. The set consists of a group of eighteen pictures, all showing some form of the pre-arranged hunt. Nine of these pictures display the arms and cipher of Charles Philip, Elector Palatine from 1716 to 1742, who rebuilt Mannheim and made it his capital; the remaining nine pictures, which are clearly part of the set, bear no distinguishing marks. A further picture, usually taken to be a later addition to the set, bears the name and arms of Charles Philip's successor, Charles Theodore (1742-1799), a friend of Voltaire, a patron of Schiller and Mozart and the founder of the first National Theatre in Germany, but in later life a noted reactionary.

The only picture that can be dated with any certainty is that reproduced in Plate Ib, where the combination of coats of arms can only refer to the second marriage of Charles Theodore's father to a Landgravine of Hesse-Rheinfels on January 25, 1731. The date of Plate Ia can be established within ten years by the combination of coats of arms. The set shows the arms of Charles Philip on the left and on the right those of the Elector Clement Augustus of Cologne (1700-1761). The form given is that assumed by Clement Augustus after his election to the Grand Mastery of the Teutonic Order. Thus the hunt cannot have taken place before 1732, the date of his election, or after 1742, the date of Charles Philip's death. The picture with the arms of Charles Theodore cannot have been painted after 1777, when he inherited the Electorate of Bavaria and altered his coat. If heraldry cannot lead us further, a consideration of the peculiarities of the Schwetzingen pictures, which have been referred to, may help us to date them.

If the nine pictures with the arms of Charles Philip show the shooting-stands in such a way that their occupants cannot be seen or identified, the solitary picture with the arms of Charles Theodore, on the other hand, shows him and his wife quite clearly. When the nine pictures without heraldic identification are closely examined, three of them stand out because in them the princes are shown with some clarity. On the whole, these three

pictures give the impression of being later in date than the rest. They are more carefully composed; the artist's feeling for the decorative aspects of landscape is more developed; the small figures of the spectators are more freely handled and in some cases, as in the foreground of Plate IIIa, treated with a preciousness derived from the French decorators through painters like Pesne or Seekatz. Moreover, the settings of these three hunts are less elaborate than the others and this simplicity is more likely to indicate a change in taste than temporary penury. All in all, I am inclined to withdraw these three pictures from the group of hunts of Charles Philip and to group them with the hunt of Charles Theodore. It is tempting to assume a shift of interest and emphasis with the change of ruler in 1742. It might indeed almost be regarded as inevitable with the succession of a youth of seventeen, brought up in Brussels and Louvain with French literally as his mother tongue, to an old man of eighty whose taste was still that of the ponderous Italian Baroque prevalent in his youth at his sister's court in Vienna, in the Bohemian homeland of his first two wives and in the Tyrol where he had been Stadholder until 1716.

If I am right in attributing these three pictures to the reign of Charles Theodore, then Plate IIIa represents a hunt in the early 1750's. The Elector can be distinguished at the extreme right of the shooting-stand; his right-hand neighbour is probably his brother-in-law, Frederick Michael, a younger brother of the Duke of Zweibruecken and the ancestor of the present royal House of Bavaria. He was commander-in-chief of the Palatine army at the time and subsequently led an Austrian army in the Seven Years War. His eldest son, Charles II of Zweibruecken (1743-1795), whose hunting and other excesses were notorious in later life, is the little boy next to him whose shooting is being admired by two ladies. These identifications, however, can only be extremely tentative.

Like most of the public entertainments of the German princes, the Schwetzingen hunts were conceived in the heavily allusive taste of the Italian High Baroque. Those elements in the decoration which might seem typically rococo—the fairs—or romantic—the castles—must be treated with extreme caution. The Germans never, even during their most Baroque phase, lost their feeling for their Gothic past: indeed, the continuity of this sentiment

might almost be regarded as a permanent distinguishing mark of the German style. The shepherds and shepherdesses and the Arcadian fairs do not derive from the French *Fêtes Galantes* but from a common court entertainment of the seventeenth century: the *Wirtschaft*, in which the whole court dressed up and took the parts of characters in a village fair. The prince always took the part of the inn-keeper and often, with a certain malicious pleasure, cast the Polonius of his court as the cut-purse or the quack. It is not therefore to be expected that the decorations for the hunts would display any startling innovations in taste and indeed they never even show the architectural originality of contemporary operatic sets, as a glance at the Plates illustrating this article should show. In Plate Ia, for instance, the decoration in honour of the Elector of Cologne is a purely conventional architectural sketch and the flattened ogee shape of the roof profile would be about fifty years out of date at the time. Even allowing for the artist's exaggeration of perspective, the size of this set is prodigious.

The architecture in Plate Ib, the marriage festivities of Charles Theodore's father, is even more rudimentary. This picture also provides a good example of the animal-baiting that often accompanied the pre-arranged hunt. Within the set, boars are being shot on the runways as usual but in an enclosure attached to it pig-sticking by ladies in ornate carriages is in progress. Inside the set, a boar is being tossed in a blanket by twelve men and couples are tossing foxes. This sport consisted of partners holding a long sling, letting the animals run over it and tightening it with a jerk so that the unfortunate beasts were flung high into the air. The art lay in tossing the victims as high and as often as possible without killing them. The animals were frightened and brought into greater confusion by letting loose among them boars harnessed to sledges to which foxes in fancy dress had been pinioned. In another hunt of the series, these boars have wings attached to them and the whole equipage is projected into the arena from towers with rockets.

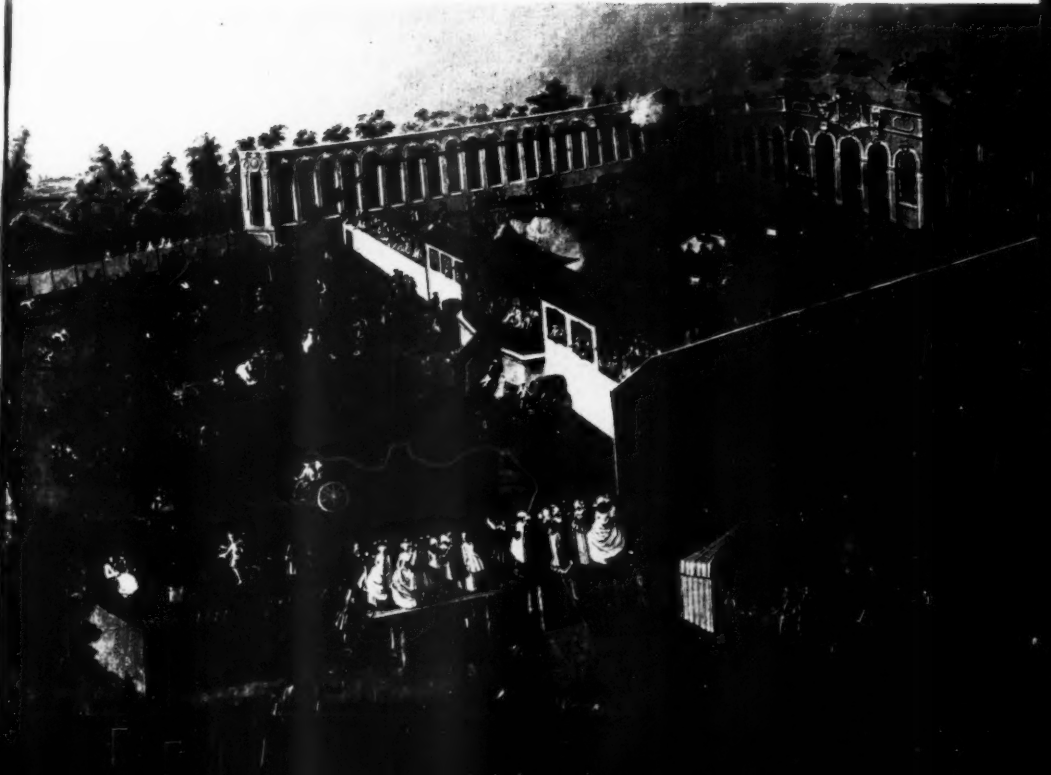
In Plate IIIb, on the other hand, we have the simplest expression of the driven hunt. This picture shows the system of screens very clearly, but its chief interest lies in the way in which the landscape has been used as an integral part of the setting. The stand has been set in a valley between two hills so that the game is driven down both the slopes. The stand faces a third hill, which acts as



(above) Ia

*All plates are by courtesy of the
Landesdenkmalamt, Karlsruhe.*

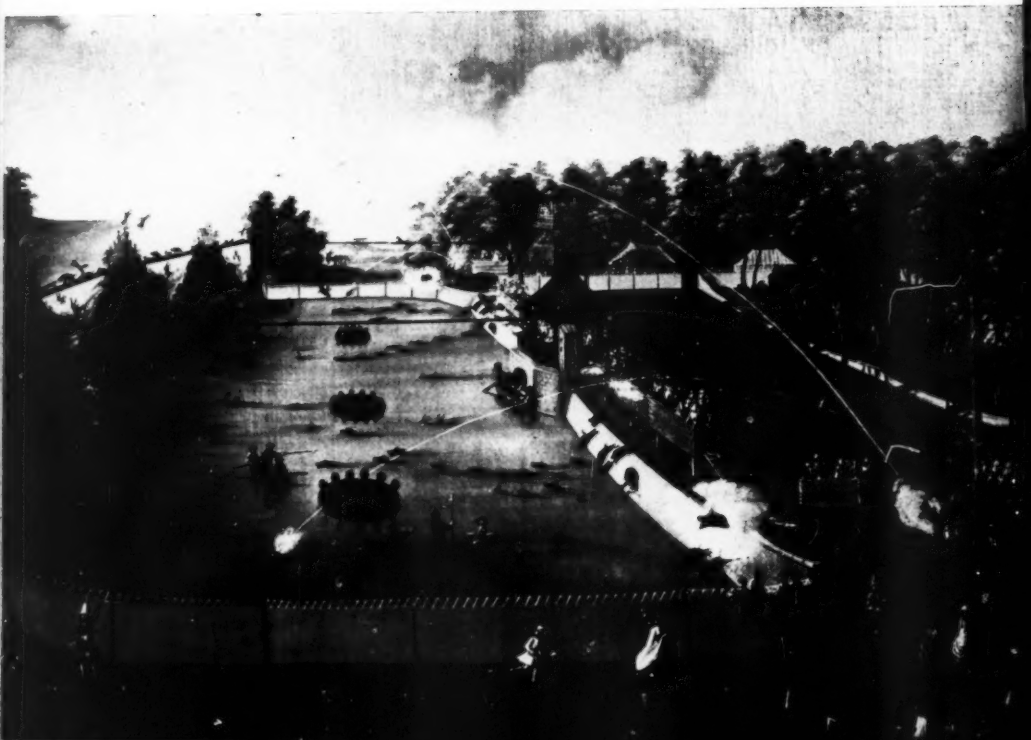
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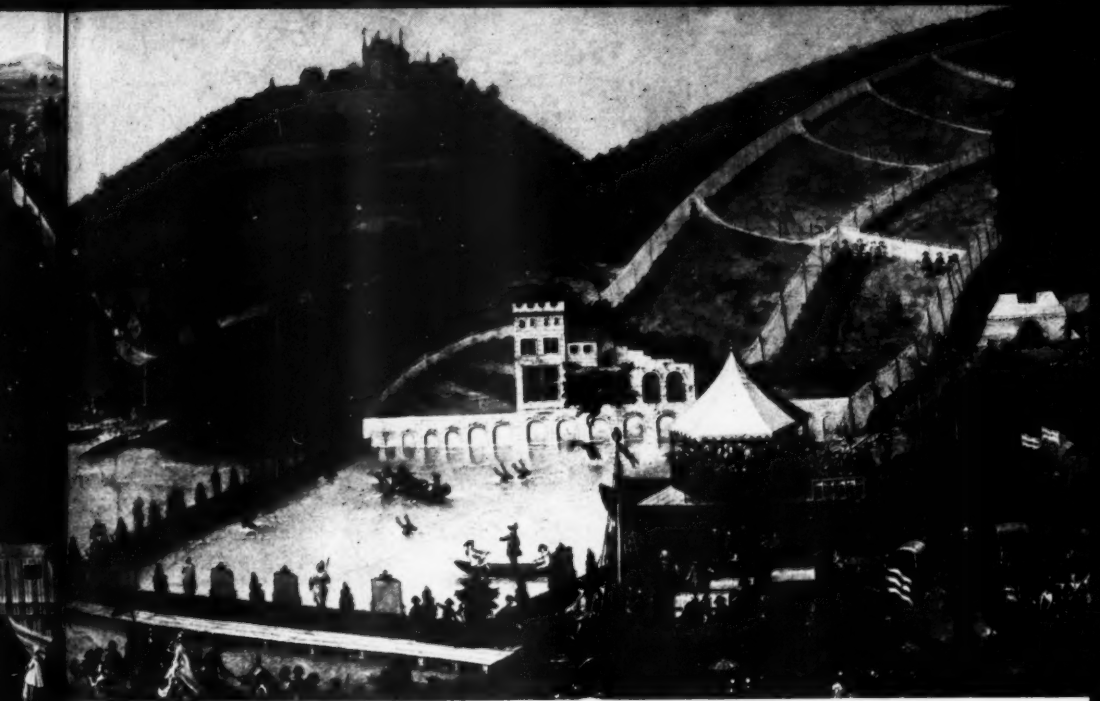




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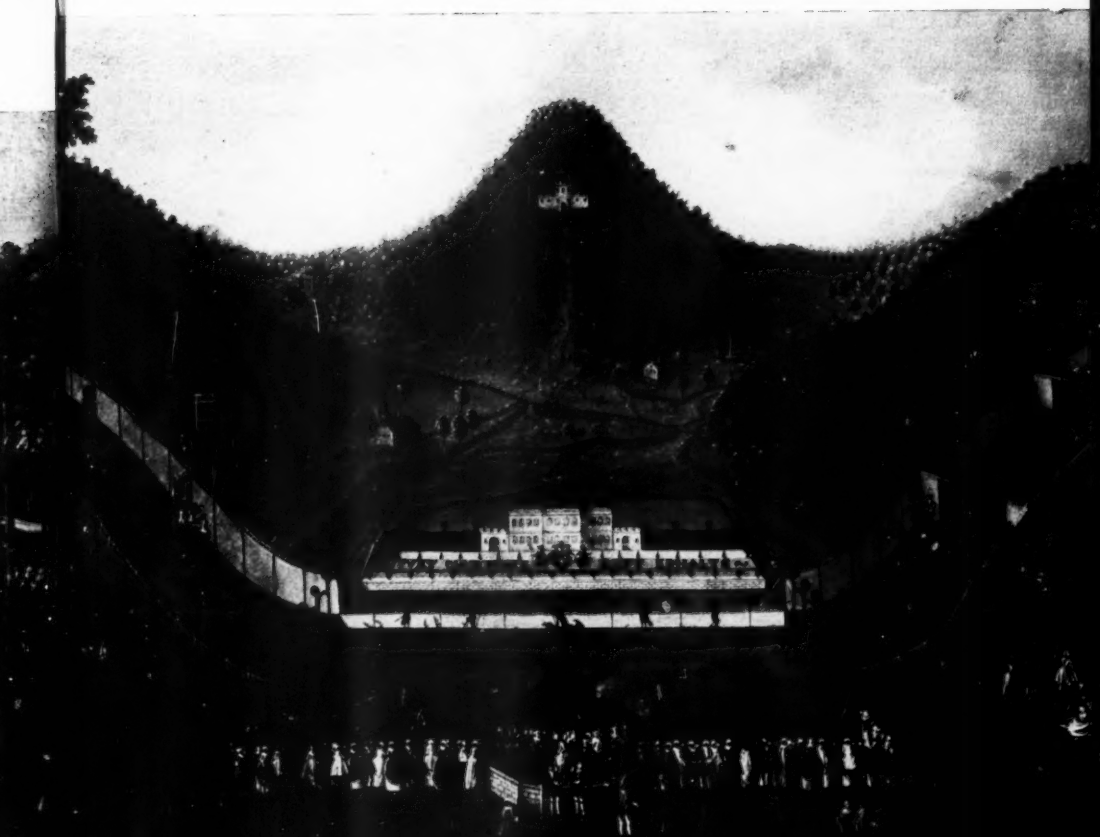
(below) IIb





(above) IIIa

(below) IIIb





a background to a low conventionalized palace with a loyal inscription. A path has been cleared half way up this hill and a fake castle erected there. The trouble taken to provide a *point de vue* for the spectator's eye is interesting as it seems to be a marked feature of German gardens of the period. Where the French insisted on letting the eye lose itself in the infinity of a long vista, for Lenôtre "ne pouvait pas souffrir les vues bornées," the Germans seem to have felt the need to orientate the view to a natural or artificial feature. At Nymphenburg the three main axes of the garden provide views of the church towers of Pasing, Pipping and Blumenburg. Schwetzingen itself is not orientated down the Rhenish plain, as originally intended, but on to the Haardt mountains. In smaller gardens, such as Weikersheim, the vista was often framed by a colonnade or orangery.

Plate IIb shows the normal arrangement of the decorative set as described by Iffland. In addition, the Palatine Army is busily shooting foxes and cats out of light mortars and wild boars out of bombards. A certain reluctant admiration cannot be withheld from the stout types responsible for loading this refractory ammunition.

In other hunts, the shooting-stand is the nodal point of the composition. Plate IIa, shows it in the shape of a fort of the Vauban type. The deer are driven past it and their survivors are rounded up in a small wood planted for the purpose. This central composition is kept in the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of the hunts of Charles Philip, reproduced in Plate IV. The shooting-stand is set up on a raft, supported by six smoke-belching dragons, and a flotilla of dragon- and bird-shaped gondolas is converging on it. To add to the confusion of the deer, each of these craft carries in its stern a grenadier, whose duty it is to throw grenades into the water. The shooting-stand is enclosed by floating screens which form the outline of a Maltese cross, probably representing the jewel of the Palatine Order of St. Hubert. The correspondence between the idea of the Elector in the shooting-stand with that of St. Hubert in the central medallion of the cross of the Order is a typical Baroque conceit. Moreover, with the consequentiality which Germans often display and other nations feel they pursue beyond the bounds of logic and probability, the deer in this hunt are forced to leap into the water through a hoop, connected with the enclosure and surmounted

by an electoral bonnet, which represents the ring on the jewel which the riband of the Order is passed through.

There is a pleasing melancholy about deserted palaces, for more than any other building they have lost their original meaning. Their endless suites of rooms are the empty shells of a life that is practically impossible for us to apprehend; a life which moved to laws forgotten by us and which had aims alien to our mood. It is an extraordinary sensation to stand today in the silent and dilapidated rooms of Schwetzingen and to look upon these pictures with their barbaric colour, their Lilliputian savagery and most of all their noise: the noise of cannon, trumpet, drum and screaming beasts.

THE RETURN OF JAMES BOSWELL

By

J. H. F. McEWEN

THERE ARE CERTAIN SAYINGS, historical or legendary, which not only for their intrinsic appositeness but for the dazzling light they throw on the situation which provoked their utterance possess a penetrating fascination all their own. One of these, it has always seemed to me, is the remark made by King James I in 1617 when he said that "his salmon-like instinct" had long made him desirous of revisiting his own country. It is an apt and humorous phrase with a startlingly modern ring about it. Not only do we get a shock of surprise at the realization that the fact that salmon do indeed habitually return to their own spawning rivers should have been a matter of common knowledge in those far-off days, but no less when we reflect that even after the lapse of nearly three and a half centuries our knowledge of the habits of that mysterious fish can hardly be said to extend very much further.

Or again take the ingenuous remark of a certain citizen of Edinburgh in the year 1679 on hearing the news of the murder of Archbishop Sharp. He had always thought, he said, that he (Sharp) would come to a bad end *as he had a pyet's walk*. Leaving aside all the other implications contained in that remark one thing we certainly have left and that is an unforgettable glimpse of the murdered man as he appeared, while yet alive, to the eyes of his contemporaries. It was the way he walked. Like a magpie—jerkily and with stiff knees. Now such details may be trivial, but they are not unimportant. I place it to the credit of the man who recorded the fact that standing once in the presence of Napoleon he was impressed by the aroma of eau-de-Cologne that emanated from the great man's person. It is a vivifying detail. And to think how many hundreds of men and women there were who could have passed on that bit of information to posterity and yet failed to do so, either because they thought it too trivial a thing to record or possibly because they were too unobservant even to notice it. It is not possible to think of James Boswell as ever belonging to either category. So whimsical a detail, we may be sure, would never have escaped that keen eye and busy pen. In passing it is curious to reflect, so essentially as belonging to an altogether earlier age does he seem to us, that Boswell, had he lived, would only have been seventy-five at the time of Waterloo.

The *Journal*¹ which has been brought to light recently in remarkable circumstances after having lain hidden away for nearly two hundred years—it was long thought that Boswell's descendants had destroyed all their ancestor's papers "because of their scandalous character"—is a day by day record of the author's residence in London from November 1762 to August 1763. Owing to the fact that it was an American, Colonel Ralph H. Isham, and great credit is due to him, who was responsible for ferreting out and acquiring the manuscript not only of this *Journal* but of all the other Boswell papers in the first instance, the book comes to us as an American production. Professor Pottle, of Yale, as editor, contributes an admirable introduction as well as footnotes to the text in which, as he admits, he has had an eye rather on the American than the English reader. No one on this side of the Atlantic, however, need have any qualms on that account

¹ *Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763, with Introduction and Notes by Frederick A. Pottle (Heinemann 21s).*

as the work has been done with great competence and skill so that any bias there may be is quite imperceptible.

At the time of this journey to London Boswell was only twenty-two, nevertheless it was not his first visit to the capital. The earlier visit had taken place two years before. That was the occasion of the mysterious escapade when in revolt against parental authority and his uncongenial environment in Glasgow University he had ridden off hot-foot to London with the intention, as it would appear, of becoming a Catholic. What really occurred we shall in all probability never know since, as Professor Pottle remarks, this was the episode in his life about which Boswell was at all times sternly uncommunicative. All we know is that on his arrival in town he put up at the house of a wig-maker who was a Catholic whence, at the instance of his father to whom he had divulged the fact of his journey, although not his object in making it, he was removed by Lord Eglinton, an Ayrshire neighbour. Whether or not in the meantime the young man had gone so far as taking the actual step of submitting to the Church, and the Professor makes it clear that he thinks he did, all one can say is that there is nothing in the present Journal to support such a theory. That Boswell was a religiously-minded man is plain; that is to say he had a full share of the Scot's interest in theological matters. And he had a sense of sin inasmuch as when he fell from grace he knew it, did not deceive himself with specious explanations, and was sorry after his fashion. Apart from a strong reaction against the Presbyterianism of his youth which he no doubt regarded as part and parcel of that provincialism which it was his fixed determination to shed there is little evidence of any real knowledge of Catholic belief or practice. Two extracts from the Journal will show his attitude:

15 May 1763 . . . I and two other gentlemen went to Dr. Fordyce's meeting in Monkwell Street and heard Dr. Blair preach. I thought this would have done me good. But I found the reverse. Blair's New Kirk delivery and the Dissenters roaring out the Psalms sitting on their backsides, together with the extempore prayers, and in short the whole vulgar idea of the Presbyterian worship, made me very gloomy. I therefore hastened from this place to St. Paul's where I heard the conclusion of service and had my mind set right again.

But sometimes even the Anglican form lacked sufficiency and satisfaction had to be sought yet further afield:

8 May. I went to Audley Chapel but was still so dissipated that I could not fix my attention so I came out after part of the service was over. I then stepped into a Romish Chapel and was filled with most romantic ideas.

And on another occasion he says:

I told him how I was a very strict Christian, and was turned from that to infidelity. But that now I had got back to a very agreeable way of thinking. That I believed the Christian religion; though I might not be clear in many particulars.

The attitude of mind towards religious matters as revealed in the above extracts is clear enough, not to say downright commonplace, but to pretend that it contains even the smallest indication of an understanding of, still less a conversion to, Catholic truth, is to strain credulity too far.

There is one other point in connection with Boswell's religious views before leaving the subject that is not without interest. It would appear from various evidences in the Journal that in spite of having been brought up in a family of rigid Presbyterian principle he had little or no knowledge himself of the Bible. At one moment, reading the Old Testament, he is deeply moved by the story of Joseph and his Brethren and remarks: "It is a strange thing that the Bible is so little read." On another occasion he reports having heard a sermon on the text: "By what means shall a young man learn to order his ways," which is an oddly clumsy paraphrase of the familiar: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," and argues a complete unfamiliarity with the words. For, after all, Boswell's most astonishing gift was his ability to transcribe, even after the lapse of several days, a conversation word for word in which he had himself partaken or which maybe he had merely overheard. Herein his mastery remains undisputed. Whether it was some quite casual exchange which had come to his ears from two strangers sitting near him in one of those "dusky, comfortable and warm" coffee houses which he so greatly enjoyed frequenting, or whether it was the great Doctor himself in full spate of words, never did he fail to set down on paper after he had returned home, with an accuracy which borders on the uncanny, exactly what he had heard. It is said that his habit was to jot down a key word now and then at the time and trust to an exceptional memory later on for the rest.

But whatever the method may have been the results are here for our enjoyment. That gem of a conversation overheard in Child's Coffee House (or as it might be, overheard in a bus):

1st Citizen: Pray, Doctor, what became of that patient of yours?
Was not her skull fractured?

Physician: Yes. To pieces. However I got her cured.

1st Citizen: Good Lord.

One feels an immediate sympathy with 1st Citizen's frank astonishment. Good Lord, indeed.

Or on another occasion that immemorial exchange about the English weather.

"What changeable weather have we had."

"One day this week was like December and another like midsummer."

The conversation itself incidentally taking place towards the end of March.

Nor of course must it be thought that Boswell's genius was confined to the accurate setting down of conversations. He had to a high degree the gift both of writing and of the descriptive word. What could be more striking than the entry for May 16, 1763, the memorable day which marked his first meeting with Dr. Johnson: "Mr. Johnson is a man of a most dreadful appearance"? Or this description of a Scots couple whose house he visited: "He is a good, plain, comfortable Scots fellow; and his wife, *through a lean existence*, is a quiet, civil being"?

It only remains to add, as the editor very aptly expresses it in his introduction, that the Boswell of these memoirs emerges as a "tireless, if somewhat grubby, man of pleasure." Grubby is indeed the fitting adjective to describe the tale of his promiscuous amours and the lamentable consequences which followed them; and all set down with a shameless candour that in another man than this might scarcely merit the reader's forbearance. It would be unfair in considering the book to pass over this particular aspect in silence, for the general reader is not to be blamed if he (or still more she) were to find that it lay somewhat uneasily on the stomach. He had his failings, poor Boswell, for all to see; nor is there any advantage to be gained by making light of them. But that he was himself a lovable fellow no one who reads these pages—to say nothing of his other writings—can doubt. He was

complacent and vain and often quite inordinately silly; he was abominably selfish and a considerable snob. And yet one senses the good in him; the affectionate nature which brought him, and kept with him, so many friends; that unvarying recognition of a goodness in others which he was seldom able to achieve in himself. It was perhaps a certain innate innocence which unconsciously served to endear him most to those who knew him, not least to women. For it was an essentially endearing type of man who after an agreeable chat "with the sentries before Buckingham House" (!) could sum the episode up in his diary thus: "I have great pleasure in conversing with the lower part of mankind, who have very curious ideas." He was right there; they have. Though scarcely more curious in reality than quite a number of ideas cherished by the writer himself, a fact which, lacking that highly prized English adjunct of a sense of humour, he could hardly be expected to appreciate. And it may be at the end, when all is said and done, that we shall find ourselves agreeing with Johnson who, after listening carefully to his young friend's apologia, cried, "Give me your hand. I have taken a liking to you."

JAMES ELROY FLECKER AND *HASSAN*

BASIL DEAN's Festival revival of *Hassan* draws attention again to one of the most remarkable poetical plays of this century. First staged by the same producer in 1923, Flecker's play has long been known to thousands of readers, but it has had to wait for this Festival year for a new production on the London stage. The whole story of how James Elroy Flecker wrote this drama and then waited in vain for a London production during his lifetime is a long and pathetic one.

Most of Flecker's finest work was composed during the brief space of four and a half years, and his maturity as a poet can be said to date from the day in June, 1910, when he first visited Constantinople as a young member of the British Consular Service. Ever since his childhood, the poet had been obsessed by the Orient and Greece. In one of his first poems he had spoken of voices that called him "to white Aegean Isles among the foam," and "the dreamy, painted lands of the East." Direct contact with the Orient of his imagination fired

his muse, and there is no doubt that the impressions which he gained on this first visit to Imperial Turkey formed the germs which were later to go towards the creation of his masterpiece, *Hassan*.

Flecker did not stay long in Constantinople, for he contracted consumption whilst bathing in the Black Sea during September of this same year 1910. The doctors advised a treatment of six months in a Cotswold sanatorium, but the poet hated being an invalid, and he was soon back at his consular duties. He was appointed Vice-Consul to Smyrna, and on the way out to his new post he stopped at Athens to marry a Greek lady, Mademoiselle Helle Skiadaressi, whom he had first met in Constantinople. It was during their honeymoon on the island of Corfu that we first hear mention of *Hassan* for it was here that Flecker wrote the beautiful *Ghazel*, *Yasmin*, which he uses to such effect in the play. Whilst in Corfu the Foreign Office told Flecker that he had been transferred to Beyrouth, and the newly-wedded couple travelled on to the Lebanese capital once their honeymoon was over. The Fleckers remained in Beyrouth until illness forced the poet to seek a cure in Switzerland, but former colleagues of his have told me that the poet made an excellent Vice-Consul and that he took great pride in his official duties. James Elroy Flecker may have made an excellent consulate employee but he was primarily a poet, and this stay in the Levant with journeys to Damascus and the lovely countryside around Beyrouth completed his Eastern education. By the time he left the Lebanon he had penetrated into the heart of Eastern life and was ready to complete his play, *Hassan*.

Students of Flecker's poetry are apt to ignore the influence which contact with the Near East had on the poet's work, but he himself was open in acknowledging the debt which he owed to certain old poets of the Ottoman Empire, such as Nedim. He also studied Gibb's monumental five-volume translations of the Ottoman poets, and many pages of *Hassan* confirm that he possessed an intimate knowledge of Ottoman literature and of the customs of the old Empire. But although Flecker was fascinated by the East he was also repelled by what he called "its malignant beauty." It is this sensitiveness to both the beauty and the terror of Eastern life which makes *Hassan* so remarkable a play.

The writing of *Hassan* took a long time. At first, Flecker called his play *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, and the printed version still bears this sub-title. The actual title in the version first published by Heinemann in 1922 reads: *Hassan: The Story of Hassan of Bagdad and how he came to make the Golden Journey to Samarkand*. But he had published poetical extracts from the play in a volume of verse called *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* in 1913. We know from Flecker's letters that the final draft of the play was finished in Switzer-

land, for in replying to a letter about it from a friend in September 1913, he wrote:

Jolly to get the first criticism of *Hassan* from you. Act IV, Scene 4, was written with great passion, except possibly the concluding scene, and we both wept when we read it. . . . The part of the play that thrills me most is the ghosts—and don't you think the effect of the poem ("The Golden Journey") at the end should be grand? *Hassan*, I think, is supremely stageable, and written with a certain consistency and polish which Tristan Bernard or one of those clever Frenchmen might not be ashamed of.

At first, a London production of *Hassan* appeared a possibility. Flecker heard of a luncheon party where Henry Ainley recited his poem, *The Gates of Damascus*, and that Ainley wanted to play the part of Ishak the poet. His friend, Sir Edward Marsh, was also indefatigable on his behalf, and we know that Basil Dean, who was then working for Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, read the play and was eager to see it produced. All through the year 1913, the young Flecker couple, isolated in Switzerland, hoped for a successful production of the drama which would finally relieve them of all financial anxieties. But nothing came of the negotiations, and the outbreak of war in August 1914, prevented the play from being performed.

Flecker always had great faith in *Hassan*, which he rightly considered his masterpiece, but he remarked at one time: "I have terrible high hopes of it, but I feel I shall suffer terrible disappointments over it." He never lived to see his play performed, for he died in Davos during the afternoon of January 3, 1915. He was only thirty.

In assessing the work of James Elroy Flecker, we are inclined to overlook the brevity of his poetical career. Even *Hassan*, for all its maturity and depth, is fundamentally a young man's play. When we consider that it was the work of a poet still in his twenties, we realize that Flecker's early death deprived the British theatre of a remarkable dramatist. Flecker wrote an earlier play, *Don Juan*, but it is in *Hassan* that we feel that the poet has mastered the technical problems of the stage. Many poets have written plays, but few have had Flecker's understanding and feeling for dramatic effect, and for this reason *Hassan* is an exciting theatrical experience.

The personality of James Elroy Flecker has remained somewhat enigmatic despite the memoirs written by his friends and contemporaries. We know that he was tall, with blue eyes, straight black hair and a dark complexion, and that he had a slightly Oriental appearance. The official biography tells us that he was educated at Uppingham and then at Cambridge, and that he passed successfully into the Consular Service after a further course at Cambridge where he learnt Turkish.

But even his letters reveal little of the inner man. Superficially, he resembles many of the Georgian poets in his optimism and good fellowship and his touching belief in the protected world of the pre-1914 years. *Hassan*, however, reveals a complicated, passionate nature and a man who was torn by pity and an intense sensuality.

The underlying message in *Hassan* is not a happy one. The lovers, Rafi and Pervaneh, are compelled to suffer a terrible fate because of their love, and even Hassan, who is depicted as a good man, is eventually disillusioned with the world and has to seek spiritual consolation by undertaking the Golden Journey to Samarkand. Flecker uses the legendary setting of Haroun ar Raschid's Bagdad for his play, but underneath the beauty of this setting lie terror and suffering.

Certain critics of *Hassan* have asked whether Flecker did not exaggerate the cruelty of the East, and there are moments in the play when the spectator wonders whether the poet is not taking an almost sadistic enjoyment in the suffering of his characters. But a sojourn in the Near East will confirm that Flecker's delineation of his Eastern characters is surprisingly true. Standards of cruelty in the Orient differ from those of the West. Physical suffering is less feared than in Western countries and therefore more common. At the same time, love is exalted as a spiritual experience, and Ottoman poetry abounds in stories of lovers who preferred death to separation on earth. It is in the character of Hassan, however, that Flecker shows his Western outlook and upbringing. Hassan, the good-natured, kindly confectioner, is a fine example of the common man whom fate elevates to an unexpected position at the Caliph's Court and then disillusioned with the tyranny and cruelty of the Caliph's rule. By creating Hassan, the most human character in the whole drama, Flecker was protesting against the injustice and cruelty in the world.

The Court poet, Ishak, also reflects some of Flecker's own views on life. This character is beautifully drawn, and I still remember with pleasure Leon Quartermaine's sensitive performance in this part in the original production at His Majesty's Theatre in 1923. Ishak is the poet in love with the beauty of the world. At first, he is little moved by the politics around him, but in the end he, like Hassan, is revolted by the cruelty of the Caliph and seeks refuge in the spiritual consolations of the pilgrimage to Samarkand.

It would be foolish, however, to read too much philosophy into *Hassan*. It is primarily a poetical drama into which Flecker poured all his impressions and visions of the fantastic world of the Orient. Above all, it is magnificent poetry and the play moves with the turbulent passions of an Elizabethan drama. It is tragic to think that the young poet never lived to witness his masterpiece on the London stage.

DEREK PATMORE

REVIEWS

AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS

The American Mind, an Interpretation of American Thought and Character since the 1880's, by Henry Steele Commager (Oxford University Press 30s).

THE author of the present work is a well-known American historian, professor at Columbia University and recently visiting professor at Cambridge. Professor Commager writes in his preface that "If eighteenth-century titles were still fashionable I would call this book Prolegomenon to an Interpretation of Some Aspects of American Thought and Character from the 1880's to the 1940's." It is not a scholarly book, as it was called in two recent English reviews; above all, it should not be regarded as "representative of the best that the American mind can produce" (*The Times Literary Supplement*, Nov. 17, 1950, p. 720).

In the first chapter "The Nineteenth-Century American" is described, and in the last "The Twentieth-Century American." The other eighteen chapters deal with important men and trends in a number of fields. Developments in the "social sciences," including history, economics and law are considered at greatest length; next in length of treatment comes literature; finally, there are brief accounts of philosophy, religion, and architecture. The author holds as a general premise that "there is a distinctively American way of thought, character, and conduct" and more specifically that "the mid-'eighties and the 'nineties constitute something of a watershed in American history and thought and that the period since that time has a certain unity." The changes which have taken place are variously described and judged; in general the author's opinion seems to be that things are not as good as they were: "the note of confidence which had long characterized the American accent gave way to doubt, self-assurance to bewilderment, and resolution to confusion." Yet great men have made important discoveries and have written important books, great things have been accomplished in the period. But it is difficult to get a clear picture from the tale told by Professor Commager. He makes many judgments of value, but more often than not qualifies them in such a way that his opinion becomes vague or obscure. His final position seems to be the perfectly commonplace one: America to-day is perhaps the greatest power and the most prosperous nation in the world; it possesses great endowments, both spiritual and material; even greater possibilities lie in the future; it is not certain that America will prove worthy of this exalted position, but let's hope for the best.

If we interpret literally Commager's major premise that "there is a

distinctively American way of thought, character, and conduct" it is plainly false. Americans in fact have many ways of thought, etc., which are more commonly found there than in other countries. But there can be no significant reduction of these ways to an average or type which would be *the* American way. On the other hand, Professor Commager is correct in his view that the past sixty years have a unity and one which differentiates this period from earlier ones. It would be my hypothesis or guess, however, that the major differences and the unity have arisen from changes of a more material or external character than the ones recounted here.

Much of the work, however, is interesting and some of the chapters, notably those on the historians and on architecture, are impressive. There is, too, much information, if little insight, in the chapters on literature, and on religion. Yet the book as a whole fails in its major aims; its deficiencies are many and its good points fail to outweigh them. This view, obviously, cannot be demonstrated here. But the following quotation will indicate one kind of evidence the argument might be based upon. Commenting on the state of affairs at present, Commager writes:

That confusion and doubt rather than certitude and confidence should characterize the thought of a people at the height of their material prosperity and the maturity of their scientific development was surprising, but no more surprising than that the material prosperity should bring so little general contentment and the science solve so few fundamental problems.

Without going into these assertions at all completely, a few difficulties may be raised. First, what is meant by "the thought of a people"? In all countries and in every age, there are people who are uncertain about many problems of importance both for individuals and groups. Material prosperity and mature scientific development show that some problems have been solved but the very changes they bring about frequently raise new difficulties. It may be gathered that what the author is referring to is the present lack of certainty on the part of American public opinion concerning the foreign policy of the United States. If this is what he means, then, while it is regrettable, it is surely not surprising, that conditions arising from the lack of material prosperity and other factors elsewhere in the world should result in difficulties for the framers of an American policy to guide relations with other countries. But even if some defence can be given for the first part of the sentence quoted, surely the implication of the latter half, that material prosperity as such normally is a sufficient cause of general contentment and that science solves *many* problems more basic than it leaves unsolved, is quite untrue.

It is certainly the case that changes of profound and far-reaching importance have taken place in America and elsewhere in the world in the past sixty years. A coherent and thoughtful account and analysis of these developments would contribute to the solution of many pressing problems. Only slight contribution is made by this book. Perhaps the clearest thing it does is to afford an illustration of Professor Toynbee's doctrine that the nation is not an intelligible unit in the study of history.

WILLIAM O'MEARA

THE HEAVENLY HOST

The History of the Salvation Army, Vol. II, 1878-1886, by Robert Sandall (Nelson 12s 6d).

THE second volume of this fascinating and admirably written narrative describes one of the strangest chapters in nineteenth-century social history. The years 1878 to 1886 cover the Salvation Army's great period of expansion; it has, as Colonel Sandall says, been designated "the age of flamboyance," an age of fierce evangelism and corybantic hymnody. Since the author has reserved his account of the Army's magnificent social achievement for the third volume of this history, most of the colour and idiosyncrasy of the story are concentrated in the present instalment.

The year 1878 saw the disappearance of the Christian Mission and the emergence of the Army proper. The "battalion of trained male and female soldiers" with its ranks, uniforms, banners and hallelujah bonnets, replaced the street-corner Salvationists in frock-coats, soft hats and walking-sticks. Though Booth himself had been doubtful about the change, once militarization was decided upon, the process was ruthless and thorough. Mission halls were re-named "barracks," the mission magazine became the *War Cry*, the very envelopes in which recruits placed their weekly contributions were re-christened "cartridges." Revivalism took on the aspect of a Clausewitzian campaign and the General issued a directive on "how to attack, capture and hold towns, together with the system which is to be carried out at every station." By 1886 the *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers* had swelled into a bulky volume of 600 pages; its introductory chapter noted with satisfaction that "our system corresponds so closely to that of the army and navy of this country that we have been able to use even the very words of many of their regulations and of Sir Garnet Wolseley's *Soldier's Pocket Book*." A shrewd, totalitarian psychology permeated every feature of the Army's policy. While the highest positions were declared open to women as well as men, every vestige

of democratic sectarianism was swept away. As the regulation headed "management" declared:

No society or members' meeting is ever to be held, such as has been usual in churches and at some of the older stations of the army, and no divided vote is ever to be taken; that is, no opportunity is to be given for acting in opposition to the C.O.

Nor is anyone to be elected to any kind of office.

Nor is any permanent committee of any kind to be appointed for any purpose.

At the Whitechapel headquarters, an experienced general staff, headed by Bramwell Booth, directed squads of dashing field officers—many of them young girls in their teens. There were the Agar sisters, heroines of the famous "attack" on Tyneside, whose preaching touched "the classes that even Messrs. Moody and Sankey failed to reach" and reclaimed "300 drunken reprobates" in six weeks (W. T. Stead reported that the local publicans had offered the girls £300 to transfer their operations to some other field). There was Mrs. Shepherd whose "dramatic appointment to corps command" heralded the "invasion" of the Rhondda Valley in 1879. Within three weeks of installing herself at the Aberdare Temperance Hotel, the lady could telegraph to headquarters, "lots in pickle and three in the fountain!" Greatest of all was Captain Mrs. Carrie Reynolds, chosen by the General to open fire on his home town. The captain's methods were dramatic but effective:

With "Happy Eliza" on streamers fluttering from her unbraided hair, she dashed up and down the back streets of Nottingham shouting invitations to the meetings. Before long she was marching down the same streets waving her fiddle-stick and beating time for a long procession of converted ruffians who sang lustily:

"I'm a wonder unto many,
God alone the change has wrought . . ."

As Mrs. Booth wrote proudly:

Hot saints set on fire the hearts of other saints. They sing the consciences of sinners, burn the fingers of Pharisees, melt the hearts of backsliders, and warm up those who have left their first love!

Backsliding within the Army, though of rare occurrence, met with swift disciplinary action:

A comparatively minor incident was the defection of Gipsy (Rodney) Smith. The disturbance was only local (at Hanley) and the corps was quickly rallied by Captain Annie Lockwood (Mrs. Commissioner Wilson) . . . The Gipsy found a more suitable en-

vironment for his inborn and characteristic restiveness under discipline in free-lance evangelism in which he was eminently successful.

Not all the figures in the Army's early history were proletarian. Some of Colonel Sandall's best vignettes concern the well-to-do converts and religious "fellow-travellers" who found in salvationism an outlet for their psychic drives. As might be expected, the movement appealed widely to ex-military men. Typical of such was Colonel Pepper ("cousin to Lord Gough"), an officer who had received his commission in the 31st Foot from the Duke of Wellington himself. After becoming converted while serving in the Crimea, the colonel settled in Salisbury and became one of the General's most ardent supporters, taking part in knee-drill, open-air meetings and visiting. For twenty years he stood regularly in Salisbury market-place and proclaimed the truths of salvation. Then there was Mildred Duff, of whom her biographer wrote:

Presented at court by her aunt, Lady Rendlesham, Miss Duff easily became one of the most popular young people in the county [Norfolk]. . . . A new world opened before her when she came into contact with the Salvation Army. Herself the daughter of a race of soldiers, she recognized in these people auxiliaries of the celestial army, warring against the hosts of Satan on earth . . .

Even a Don's stony heart was touched occasionally; Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, while admitting that "the *ὅτ πρεπον* might be violated" by the General's methods, declared passionately that he would,

. . . leifer fling wild words about
With them, than slip through life a smooth-lipped
slave
Of reputable forms. Far better with too much
Of zeal to swell, and hot, aggressive love
Than sit in cleanly state and fear to touch
The clouted sinner. . . .

Perhaps the strangest case of all was that of Frederick de Latour Tucker, a magistrate and assistant-commissioner in the I.C.S. While in India Tucker read an article in the *War Cry* on God's command to Nathan, and forthwith applied for leave of absence. He returned to England, attended a meeting at Exeter Hall and offered the General his services. "Go among my people and find the dark side as well as the bright," said Booth, "and then, though you are one of the 'dangerous classes,' we will see." Mr. Tucker persevered:

Wearing round his hat a strip of red ribbon with Salvation Army on it, the future apostle to India called on his friends in London and

told them to their amazement and dismay that he was going to become a Salvationist.

Besides being its age of saints, this was also the great period of the Army's music. Here the militant approach was all-important. Harmoniums were discouraged as having "churchy" associations and insipid evangelical hymns were replaced by rousing war songs like

The devil and me, we can't agree,
I hate him and he hates me. . . .

Though the setting of hymn verses to music-hall songs (*Bless His Name, He sets me free!*, to the tune of *Champagne Charlie*, etc.), and the introduction of tambourines and brass bands, caused much heart-searching at headquarters, the results amply justified the means. Feeling salvation "blown into them" with wind instruments, men and women flocked to the penitent-forms before rushing home to discard their "idols"—parrots, bird cages, dress rings, poultry and meerschaum pipes.

As the Army grew (by 1886 it numbered more than 3,600 full-time officers), the older ecclesiastical bodies cast longing eyes in its direction and Colonel Sandall devotes an interesting chapter to the efforts made by the Church of England to draw the movement into the Anglican orbit. While digging itself into the slums and cities of Britain, the Army also infiltrated successfully into the Colonies, the United States and Europe. Only in Paris did it suffer a definite set-back. The opposition was twofold, being partly based on the "characteristic frivolity and cynical godlessness" of the inhabitants and partly on a popular belief "that the Salvationists were Jesuits in disguise."

Differences of national temperament played a part in the misunderstanding.

As might be expected in Paris late at night . . . women officers were sometimes accosted by men; the Maréchale's [Emma Booth's] counsel was "Don't be frightened. Just answer in one or two clear, sharp and memorable phrases." On a boulevard one night a "gentleman" asked her for a *rendez-vous*. He took her silence for consent and asked "Where?" "Devant le Trône de Dieu . . ." was her reply. Not only did that man take to his heels but reports of what she had said went all over France and pierced many another's conscience.

It is strange to think that the Army was once persecuted—legally, by the police, illegally by "skeleton" armies of roughs egged on by "the Trade" in an attempt to cripple an organization that endangered its profits. In eighty-five years, the movement has become respectable; though its numbers have not lessened and its social achievement is

to-day as great as ever, the glory of the old "blood and fire" days has departed. British revivalism, as Monsignor Knox has recently reminded us, is subject to the law of diminishing returns. And in this case there is an additional reason for stabilization. In its outlook and message, Booth's movement belongs essentially to the nineteenth century. The Salvation Army is as much a product of the *cité infâme* as Gothic railway stations or the poems of Baudelaire. It has been its fate to have presented a unique and historic challenge to a combination of social circumstances which have since largely disappeared.

JOHN RAYMOND

GALLERY OF ROGUES

Restoration Rogues, by Maurice Petherick (Hollis and Carter 30s).

EVEN the most casual student of seventeenth-century history must have noticed how seldom historians have been able to give an intelligible account of political plots during the Restoration period, when so many men were hanged who were obviously innocent, and so many rascals escaped proper punishment for crimes they had obviously committed. The purpose of this book, as the author suggests in his introductory chapter, is to collect data, to provide clues rather than complete solutions. Four of the six main characters whose careers he investigated were vulgar and rather stupid criminals employed by political gangsters who still remain, partly hidden, "behind the curtain." Each of the six is classified under a separate title. "Blood was a ruffian, Bedloe a scoundrel, Montague a knave, Dangerfield a rascal, Fitzharris a ne'er-do-well, and Barbara Villiers a wanton."

Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, hardly deserves the place she has been given in this gallery of rogues. Her love affairs were numerous and scandalous, but so were those of her royal lover King Charles. There seems to be no valid reason why women should be blamed for "wantonness" more than men.

Restoration Rogues is an important book, and more interesting both to the student and to the ordinary reader, than the title suggests. For behind the story of these rogues we find a cautious but threatening indictment of well known political personages who secretly directed their criminal activities; an indictment based on documentary records which have hitherto been insufficiently studied. Mr. Petherick has taken immense trouble to find out as much as possible about every individual, even if relatively unimportant, whose name is mentioned in his book. He is thus able, without overloading his work with too

much detail, to convince readers that he knows what he is talking about, and that he has in reserve a substantial fund of knowledge.

From the historian's point of view the most important feature of the book is the account which it gives of the political success of Charles II in his conflict with Louis XIV. Here the figure of Barillon, the French Ambassador, hitherto in our history books little more than a dummy, comes to life. And Barillon has a lot of new things to tell us, as Mr. Petherick discovered when he went to Paris to read the Ambassador's letters which are preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Mr. Petherick has achieved what is perhaps the most difficult of all tasks in the writing of history for modern readers; he has made his book not only readable but as exciting, at times, as a good detective story. His style is light and detached. One of the most charming examples of his effective use of understatement is his description of "Monsieur," the Duke of Orleans, as "His Most Christian Majesty's rather nasty little brother."

Twenty-five illustrations fit well into the text. The footnotes and references are packed away at the back of the book, according to modern custom. A bibliography would have been useful and interesting to readers who like to see the tools which an author has used in his work.

MALCOLM HAY

PERUVIAN ARCHITECTURE

Colonial Architecture and Sculpture in Peru, by Harold E. Wethey (Harvard University Press \$12.50; Oxford University Press 82s).

THIS Country [wrote an English geographer in 1711 of Peru] consisteth of many large and pleasant Vallies with divers high and lofty Mountains. The Vallies in some Places, especially towards the Sea-Coasts, are very Sandy, and frequently subject to Earthquakes; in other Places they are very rich, and the Air extremely sultry. The Mountains (particularly the *Andes*) are, for the most part, continually Cold in their Tops, yet exceeding fertile, and generally lin'd with most costly Mines beyond any Country in the World, witness the famous lofty Hill of *Potozi*, in the Province of *Los Carcas*, before 'twas sunk by an Earthquake, which happened in the time of O. Cromwel's Usurpation. It is universally esteem'd the richest of all the Foreign Plantations belonging to the *Spaniards*. . . . The chief *Commodities* are Gold and Silver in vast quantities. . . . The Natives are reported to be a People that's (for the most part) very Simple, and grosly

Ignorant. . . . The *Spaniards* here residing are much the same with those in *Spain*.

This racy description clearly reveals the basic duality of the Peruvian scene, apparent in the contrast between the heat of the coastal desert and the bitter cold of the great ranges of the Andes; between the prosperity derived from the mines and the ruin wrought by repeated earthquakes; between the simplicity of the native Indian and the complexity of his Spanish master. This same theme of contrast, even paradox, is equally apparent in the artistic achievements of the Viceroyalty. There is the contrast between the art and architecture of the coastal cities and those in the mountainous interior, no less evident between Lima and Cuzco in central Peru than between Trujillo and Cajamarca in the North. There is the paradox of a reversion from the Renaissance groin vaults of the sixteenth century to ribbed Gothic vaults in the seventeenth century—result of recommendations by a Council of architects held in Lima after the disastrous earthquakes of 1606 and 1609; the Council concluded that of all vaults the Gothic would best withstand shock, a finding apparently confirmed by the successful resistance of the neo-Gothic vaults of the Cathedral of Cuzco to the great earthquake of 1650.

Most paradoxical of all, however, is the history of native Indian influence on the sculpture and architecture of the Viceroyalty. The fusion of indigenous and European themes had appeared soon after the Conquest in pottery and textile patterns, but the fine arts long remained immune from Indian influence. In the seventeenth century, at Cuzco, former capital of the Incas, there were artists of pure Indian blood whose work is indistinguishable from that of contemporary Europeans. Such were the painter Ttito Quispe and Juan Tomás Tuyru Tupac, architect of the church of San Pedro and sculptor of the Madonna of the Almudena. It was not until the last decades of the seventeenth century that a crossbred (*mestizo*) style of architectural decoration was developed, flourishing principally in Southern Peru—Arequipa, Lake Titicaca and Potosí (Bolivia), where the Indian enormously outnumbered the white population. Covering every available wall surface of buildings which, however, remained conventionally European in structure, the *mestizo* artists applied "a thick carpet-like mass of flat ornament" in which are juxtaposed native fauna and flora, the puma and the sacred *ccantu* lily, with Christian and pre-Columbian themes, angels and mermaids, saints and grotesque masks with long serpentine tongues, all treated in that abstract manner characteristic of primitive art whether it be Coptic, Merovingian, Mozarabic or American Indian. *Mestizo* ornament is found throughout Latin America but Professor Wethey justly claims that in Peru—on the

facade of the Jesuit church at Arequipa for instance and the church of Santiago at Pomata—the style reaches its highest development. These monuments are unique and as such have an interest and importance even greater than the masterpieces of purely Hispanic style—the Cathedral, the Jesuit church and the cloister of La Merced at Cuzco for example, or the church of El Belén at Cajamarca.

In contrast with architectural decoration, colonial carving and sculpture (notably the numerous splendid pulpits, several magnificent series of choir stalls, innumerable gilded reredoses and carved figures—to which Professor Wethey devotes the last three chapters of his study), reveal few traces of the *mestizo* style; while painting remained entirely unaffected.

Unfortunately much of Peru's colonial heritage has been lost, not only by earthquakes, but by other calamities as well. There is the town of Saña, for example, now an uninhabited ruin on the desert North-West coast, which was sacked by an English pirate in 1686 and finally destroyed by flood in 1720. Restorers have taken their toll of reredoses in the nineteenth century and in the present century whole buildings have been demolished to widen roads.

Professor Wethey has limited himself in subject to architecture and sculpture, in time to the colonial epoch and in extent to the boundaries of modern Peru. Nevertheless, even within these greatly reduced limits so vast was the undertaking that he had to forgo his original intention to compile a complete catalogue of all colonial monuments. There are, he tells us for example "four interesting churches in the remote fastnesses of the Andes: Cocharcas, Mamara, Santo Tomás and Andahuaylas. Two can only be reached by mule or on foot. Of the four I have visited only Andahuaylas." What has had to be sacrificed in scope has, however, been well compensated for by the careful detail of the documentation and the extensive illustration of the material which has been treated; Professor Wethey indeed deserves the gratitude not only of the specialist but also of the general reader for his invaluable survey of a fascinating subject.

J. B. BURY

PHILOSOPHICAL TERMS AND THEIR USE

Beyond Realism and Idealism, by Wilbur Marshall Urban (Allen and Unwin 188s).

IF one asks whether the oasis which the weary traveller in the desert sees in the distance is real or not real (i.e. a mirage), one is asking a question the answer to which is capable of being verified empirically. But if one asks whether the oasis where the traveller is actually sitting and refreshing himself is real or ideal in some metaphysical sense, one is asking a question the answer to which cannot be verified empirically. One has moved out of the sphere of "facts." The logical positivist would therefore call this second question "meaningless." Professor Urban agrees that the issue between idealism and realism cannot be settled by empirical means; but he is not prepared to rule out as meaningless the problems with which philosophical idealists and realists have concerned themselves. And it would indeed be very peculiar if discussions which have formed a considerable part of philosophic activity in the past were nonsensical in any ordinary sense of the word "nonsensical."

It is obvious to any student of the history of philosophy that there is no one philosophy which can be called "realism" and no one philosophy which can be called "idealism": there have been various forms of idealism and various forms of realism. A closer inspection of the development of controversy between the two lines of thought shows that, though neither side has succeeded in finally refuting the other, each side has, through its criticism of the opposed position, forced the other side to modify, develop and change its position. Idealism has had to make concessions to realism, and realism has been forced to make concessions to idealism. According to Professor Urban, historical study shows that, however much the various successive forms of idealism and of realism may differ from one another, there are, as it were, a residual core of idealism and a residual core of realism, neither of which has been, or can be refuted. In virtue of their ideals of knowledge the idealists believe that no knowledge is possible unless the real is akin to mind, that is, unless being is intelligible and *in some sense* mind-independent, while the realist believes that no knowledge is possible unless antecedent reality is presupposed, that is, unless it is presupposed that the object of knowledge is *in some sense* mind-independent. But these fundamental convictions of the idealist and realist are not irreconcilable: their fundamental demands, if knowledge is to be attainable, can both be satisfied. Of course, if idealism were taken to mean that the object of knowledge is in no way independent of the individual finite knowing mind, it could not be reconciled with realism. But, as Professor Urban rightly says, "no sane philosophy has ever failed to include in some form the fundamental motives of both realism and

idealism." No great philosopher has ever been an exclusive realist or an exclusive idealist; and in that sense every great philosopher is "beyond realism and idealism."

I think that Professor Urban's main contention, namely that there are elements in both the realist and idealist traditions which are alike indispensable to genuine philosophy, is perfectly correct. I also think that it is true to say that these minimal elements of idealism and realism have been present in the system of every great philosopher of what the author calls the *philosophia perennis*. If, then, one means by "idealism" exclusive idealism and by "realism" exclusive realism, one can say that "the Great Tradition," as the author puts it, is beyond realism and idealism. But it is a debatable point if to say this is to say more than that no great philosopher has propounded an utterly absurd idealism or an utterly crude form of materialism. A statement like this involves, of course, a valuational judgment, and it is one with which I should be in full agreement; but does it take one very much further? Is it not possible to recognize that the residual cores of idealism and realism are both necessary to genuine philosophy and still to leave room for different answers to concrete problems, which would permit the classification of philosophers as "idealists" and "realists"? A very good case could be made out, however, for the advisability of dropping the use of the terms "idealist" and "realist," except perhaps for historical purposes, that is, for denoting certain phases of the idealist-realist controversy in history. At the present time the use of these terms has become exceedingly confused. For example, whereas Maritain, a determined enemy of "idealism" calls St. Thomas a "realist," the Marxist would class St. Thomas as an "idealist," because he believed in the priority of mind and not in the priority of matter. For the Marxist the antithesis lies between "idealism" and materialism. Again, we find self-styled "realists" maintaining a doctrine of the objectivity of values which is vividly reminiscent of the Platonic "idealism." And some people would say that Berkeley's "idealist" analysis of the material thing is better termed "realist." Bosanquet was quite right in saying that the two extremes, idealism and realism, have met together at many points and that the use of the terms in contemporary philosophy has become undesirable. After all, it is impossible to pass a judgment on "idealism as such" or "realism as such." If one reduces idealism to the residual core which all "idealists" have maintained in some form, one finds that it has also been maintained by many "realists," while the residual core of realism has been shared by many "idealists."

Professor Urban's book is perhaps somewhat over-repetitive; but I have found it interesting, illuminating and stimulating. With his general outlook and with his hopes for the renewal of a spiritualistic

metaphysic, integrating the truths of idealism and realism, I am in more or less full agreement. As to his conviction that realism and idealism rest ultimately on valuational judgments which are incapable of logical or empirical verification or refutation, I think that this view raises an interesting and important problem. If "the facts" or data are the same for all philosophers, what are the ultimate grounds for their different interpretations of the facts?

Perhaps I had better make it clear that Professor Urban is perfectly well aware of the different senses in which the terms "idealism" and "realism" have been used. Indeed, his analysis of the historical development of idealism and realism forms one of the most interesting parts of his book. The chapters dealing with modern physics and with the humanistic sciences in their relation to idealism and materialism are also of considerable value and interest.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

MATHEMATICAL ANALYSIS

Paradoxes of the Infinite, by Bernard Bolzano. Translated by A. D. Steele, S.J. (Routledge and Kegan Paul 21s).

BOLZANO is a name known to most mathematicians by precisely one theorem in Analysis, the Bolzano-Weierstrass Theorem; it is an important enough theorem, but it is by no means Bolzano's only or chief claim to be remembered. For this reason it is an excellent thing that Fr. Steele has made available to English readers a well-annotated translation of Bolzano's most important work, *Paradoxes of the Infinite*.

The translator begins, as is but right, with a historical introduction to the work, wherein Bolzano is shown against the background of contemporary mathematical thought; a biographical sketch follows, and the introduction is completed with a valuable appraisal of Bolzano's work in general and of the *Paradoxes* in particular. The remaining two-thirds of the book is Bolzano himself (or rather, Prihonsky's posthumous edition of Bolzano's work), rendered into English that is easily readable, and very easily followed.

The mathematician can get very little further than elementary computation without touching upon the infinite; but he can get nowhere at all with certainty if he abandons at any point the method of strict logical deduction. To the mathematician of the nineteenth century the two truths seemed at one and the same time to be necessary yet incompatible, and the story of nineteenth-century mathematics is largely that of reconciling the two. It was the Catholic priest Bernard Bolzano who set himself the task of applying strict logic to the various

mathematical concepts of the infinite, and this work is the result of his long study of the topic. To the modern reader, thoroughly equipped with the results of later work on the same subject, much of what Bolzano has to say may appear to be naive and even crude. Yet that should not blind him to the keen insight and the clear reasoning which is displayed. For against the background of contemporary thought, Bolzano's work is seen to be that of a pioneer and a genius. It pointed the way, and mathematics might have advanced more rapidly had Bolzano not been allowed to become forgotten and unread.

Fr. Steele is to be congratulated on having given us an excellent translation and critique of this work, and on having rescued Bolzano from near-oblivion. To the true mathematician the history of mathematics is no mere sideline, it is an integral part of his subject; for this reason *Paradoxes of the Infinite* ought henceforward to be found in every serious mathematical library.

One last thought: the historical introduction to this book has, presumably of necessity, been made short; yet it is no mere sketch, it is extremely closely packed, and full of information and apt comment. The translator obviously has at his disposal the materials for a more leisurely yet not less scholarly history of nineteenth-century mathematics. Is it too much to hope that he will some day give us the benefit of this knowledge?

D. WARD

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN WRITERS

- Arnobius, The Case against the Pagans*, Vol. II, translated by George E. McCracken (Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland \$3.25).
St. Augustine, The Greatness of the Soul and The Teacher, translated by Joseph M. Colleran, C.S.S.R. (Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland \$3.00).
St. Athanasius, The Life of Saint Antony, translated by Robert T. Meyer (Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland \$2.50).
St. Gregory the Great, Pastoral Care, translated by Henry Davis, S.J. (Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland \$3.00).

THIS series of translations of the Fathers has been augmented by four volumes of high excellence, though not all of equal interest to the general reader. Professor G. E. McCracken has, in a second volume, published books iv-vii of *The Case against the Pagans* by Arnobius of Sicca. His arguments interest us no more, his African rhetoric may even be distasteful, but his books are a mine of information about the popular cults and myths, though his accuracy cannot

be taken for granted. Brilliantly translated by Professor J. M. Collier, C.S.S.R., are St. Augustine's *Greatness of the Soul* and *The Teacher*, and the notes are of the highest excellence. This book is not, of course, mere philosophy, but carries the soul up to its destiny of mystical union with God while eluding Plotinism at all points, though deeply read in Plotinus. We wish that more would return to Augustine and St. Bernard, instead of acting as though the great Carmelites were the first Mystics. St. Athanasius' *Life of St. Antony*, translated by Professor R. T. Meyer, certainly proves that St. Antony has come well alive once more, thanks largely to the late Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B., whose *Lausiac History* taught this country, at least, how monastic documents proper to the period of the Desert Fathers should be handled. The translator does not disguise the impossibility of Athanasius's having taken down Antony's discourses verbatim: no one any more is disturbed by the idea that what a man taught can (indeed must) be recorded by a biography with regard to the contents rather than the form. We wish some Catholic psychologist-historian would set forth a satisfactory interpretation of the demonology of the period. Professor Meyer, it is true, sees that no explanation can be "single or complete." We think that the faculty of instantaneous visualization of some idea must have played a great part—thus, an ascetic perceives the aridity of pagan philosophy; he at once imagines an empty well—in fact, he sees it, "more vividly than with his eyes," as St. Teresa herself used so often to say. The fourth of these volumes is *Pastoral Care*, by St. Gregory the Great, translated by Fr. H. Davis, S.J. We ourselves cannot pretend St. Gregory always appeals to us as much as St. Leo the Great does, but his significance is tremendous if only because he turned so boldly to the west and the north, away from the east, which he can hardly but have recognized as already doomed. Always sick, he displayed incredible energy in coping with matters so practical as weights and measures and coinage; with monasteries, prisons, schools, the chant. But in this book maybe his humaneness reveals itself, though its practical value imposed it on the growing consciousness of Europe. King Alfred and his priests translated it; Charlemagne in council after council promulgated it; it was to be put, along with the Church's Canons, into the hands of new bishops. The general editors, Dr. J. Quasten and Professor J. C. Plumpe, are indeed to be congratulated on this noble gift to the English-speaking world.

C. C. MARTINDALE

SHORTER NOTICES

The Unblest, by John Pettavel (Hand and Flower Press 12s 6d).

FOUR long short-stories, written by Mr. Pettavel, are published under the title *The Unblest*. They remind me of women's handbags; three, formless and graceless unless hanging from a wrist, but the fourth fashioned to have identity wherever it is laid. More clearly—three of the stories have no structure.

An economic style is, at the moment, appreciated by critics. But the economics of poverty make dull literature. Mr. Pettavel is a young writer; he *must* have wealth. The vision with which youth sees people who are introduced or new experiences is narrow, but it is lavish. People do not march along with their backs to page one of a story and their faces set to the end, like Mr. Pettavel's "Nursery Governess." They are riddled with their memories, their loves—civility, barbarity, blemish and crystal—living for seventy or eighty years under a Christian and a surname, upon the tension of impermanence.

An economic style does not simply imply a sparing use of adjective and metaphor. Sensitivity is the true economy. Can the author, from the tension that people feel because they are on earth for so short a time and from the emphasis that this knowledge gives to their meetings and little attempts at permanence—can he draw the suspense of life through his work?

The last story of this book, "The Experiment," has only this in common with the others: in it are seen those meagre people who are overlooked in life, but who suffer. It is the only story with structure in this book. You have the dimensions of the middle-class home from which Mr. Snaith ran away. This man spends his honeymoon, of one afternoon, at Hampton Court in the rain. When his wife kills herself he has to explain, to the manager of the shop where he works, why he has been away without asking leave:

It would have been so simple to say, "My wife died," but I could not. I was fighting for my last ounce of self-respect.

There are stories you remember at odd times—I often remember one about two birds—and now, to companion it, there is "The Experiment."

Catherine McAuley: the First Sister of Mercy, by Roland Burke Savage, S.J. (Gill 15s).

IT is indeed surprising that there has been no Life of Catherine McAuley, foundress of the second largest Congregation of Women now working in God's Church, since that by Mother M. T. A. Carroll

in 1866, which is said to be very inaccurate and to display no sense of chronology. Fr. Savage has certainly laboured to remedy this, and has consulted every manuscript source accessible, including two hundred letters and papers in Mother Catherine's own hand. There are various analytical appendices, an interesting chart of the distribution of the Mercy convents throughout the world, and a good index. She lived from 1781 to 1841, nearly all of which was a period of terrible difficulty for the faith in Ireland. Catherine's mother had been but tepid in her religion, and the child, early orphaned, was given a home with kindly people named Callaghan, the husband, however, being but a very vague Protestant, and his wife a Quaker. Catherine devoted herself to the poor and to teaching, met Mary Aikenhead, foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, but was determined to have nothing to do with nuns. Her associates were to be all of them lay-women. She was before her time, and in due course the Sisters of Mercy came into existence with an Institute in which each house was independent, a system which has seemed to us wasteful of personnel, but that need not be discussed here, nor her rather audacious use of Government aid, nor her at least partial adoption of the "Lancaster" system of school monitors which for a while got the foundress of the St. Joseph of Cluny sisters into trouble in Paris. Enough to say that she was a brave experimentalist, but no less bravely owned up to her mistakes, and combined sweet gentleness of character with firmness. Her Sisters were among those most trusted by Florence Nightingale in the Crimea and there are now 108 of her houses in this country and the Channel Islands. Fr. Savage has written a beautifully balanced book.

The Seven Swords, by Gerald Vann, O.P. (Collins 5s).

THE special quality of Fr. Gerald Vann's spiritual writing is that it is at once realist and poetic—with the realism that belongs to true poetry. He has the gift of relating theological verities to the stuff and substance of the lives of men and women. He can shake our religious reactions out of the rut of habit, not by a rhetoric of fervour that risks being falsetto, but by a vivid insight that links our perception of revealed truth with the sharpest intuitions of human experience.

In *The Seven Swords* he has given us the substance of a series of Lenten addresses with the Sorrows of Mary as their theme. Fr. Vann, preaching on her love, can show, for instance, how even what men call love in a mood of self-deception can be in fact a subtler selfishness—a projection of our self-attachment, masking "the austere but grand and essential lesson: that it is not one being you must love, but all beings; you must love all life."

Family Case-Book, by Hubert van Zeller (Collins 12s 6d).

TO write potted biographies of parents, relations and friends, many of whose nearest and dearest may still be living, requires a certain courage. Not only courage but also an affectionate sympathy that will allay the pain of criticism. This courage and affection Fr. van Zeller does not lack. The affection and sympathy would appear to grow, however, in proportion to the distance of the connection, thus proceeding through his father and a series of relatives, Mother in their midst, and coming finally to his real loves, the family servants. The treatment, highly amusing throughout, becomes increasingly kindly and congenial to the reader.

Many will enjoy these recollections, witty and perspicacious, of the varied off-shoots from the cosmopolitan families of van Zeller and van der Velde, who were transplanted from the Low Countries into Edwardian England, to say nothing of the branches in France, Spain, Portugal and Egypt—a somewhat bizarre assortment maybe, but it is their oddities contrasted with their different virtues that provide the fun.

Eye Witness at Fatima, by Mabel Norton (Macmillan 7s 6d).

THE authoress herself tells us that there is nothing new, by now, to be said about Fatima; the story "is set and never alters. . . Anyone who hopes to unearth new facts will be disappointed; everything was written once and for all in the official records" (p. 48). That is all to the good; it shows that no legend is being developed locally. On the other hand, none of the records have been fully published; one remains sealed till 1960. The traditional story, then, is brightly related here; its special value is that Miss Norton had been living for seven years in Portugal, was a Protestant, and was not at all enthusiastic about being taken to Fatima on October 13, 1917, in hopes of seeing the "miracle," whatever it might be. (The chapter relating the journey to and from the Cova is brilliantly told and very entertaining.) Miss Norton saw the sun, steel-coloured, thrice describe a circle, but apparently saw neither the prismatic colours nor the sun's "approach" to the earth. This did not much impress her. She returned to Portugal in 1943 after ten years in England, having been a Catholic for seven, and in 1944 joined the English pilgrimage to the shrine but was still quite unmoved. Three years later she was asked to escort an American lady to Fatima, and felt she had "better read up the story beforehand." She did so, and the history of Jacinta "converted" her: she became "as enthusiastic as I had been apathetic before." We may add that a lady who has a house at Fatima itself and is extremely devout to Our Lady there, assures us that Santos, the "villain of the piece," is still alive

though unconverted and insists that he did *not* put the children into the common gaol, nor can any witnesses be found that he did. Lucia uses a word signifying at any rate that they were put among others in some sense under arrest. But this is not the place for discussing this special point.

I Believed, by Douglas Hyde (Heinemann 10s 6d).

THE impression made by this book will depend on what one expected from it. If we expected an answer to Communist doctrine, a display of Catholicism as an all-embracing faith able to transform the world by means of love as Communism never can by means of hate, we shall be disappointed. But this was not the author's aim, and perhaps he will write a second, constructive book, showing what Catholics, and they alone, can do, though he will—if he is honest and brave—have to confess how often they do not live their faith to the full. But mutual recrimination will advance no one's cause; and the title of his book—*I Believed*—expresses very well Mr. Hyde's aim, which is to describe what was formerly his faith (and Communism is nothing if not a "faith") and why it no longer is. He proposed to show "how Communism works in this country," and much of what he writes will be a terrible revelation to most readers. One who, like the present reviewer, has known the Party from within and indeed went to Spain with the International Brigade, is likely to detect exaggerations or inaccuracies here and there in Mr. Hyde's account. But no one man will have seen everything! In so far as "Communism" is really "Kremlinism," and its goal the reversal of all that Christian morality has so far taken for granted, the book amply fulfils its purpose: that it does justice to the sincerity and self-sacrifice of many thousands of Communists, we doubt: but it certainly makes clear how a very few men can exploit the simpler-minded, can select and train them (if they are malleable enough) till they become the hundred-per-cent agents of corruption and destruction that Stalinism aims at. But it is our belief that Kremlinism itself is so full of intrigue, hatred and ignorance that its coherent future will not endure for long.

Jesus in His Own Words, by Harold Roper, S.J. (Longmans 12s 6d).

MANY are the books that have been produced to throw light on the life and character of the Son of God, and whilst there is an inevitable sameness about them all, since they are all working within a precisely defined framework, it is generally possible to say that there is some particular feature about each which distinguishes

it from the rest. Fr. Roper's method is to take the actual reported words of Our Lord and to weave a coherent whole out of them by setting them into a background composed of the minimum amount of historical information. He has clearly devoted much care and attention to his task and has made use of the standard commentators and other authorities. Whilst he does not pretend to have shed any fresh light on old problems, his book will serve the purpose of the average devout reader who is looking for something not too erudite but which is based on sound scholarship. Two sketch maps and an Index of the sayings of Our Lord add to the usefulness of the volume.

Advent, by Jean Daniélou (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d).

NO one can fail to see how rapidly Catholic literature is changing. A vastly higher standard is observable, in the use of Scripture, of history, of all scientific and artistic data: interests are far wider and deeper; and perhaps above all, a more supernatural understanding of the world and of the Church within it, than once was normal. Much of this is embodied in Fr. Daniélou's *Advent* which, despite its title, does not consist of devout meditations on the liturgical season so named. It is concerned with the whole continuous coming of God and of Our Lord into the world, a coming which may seem spasmodic though in reality it is a harmonious progress. It shows us how the Christian Fact is both historic and dramatic—that is, that it moves forward chronologically, one thing after another; but also, so that the arrival of the better, fuller thing means the shrivelling and disappearance of the old, save in so far as the latter is seen to survive in the former. But it cannot always be seen to do that: Stoicism was a good ground for the implanting of Christian morality: but Christian morality is not a sort of transfigured Stoicism. We will not even deny that some pagan cults of heroes or local deities may not have opened the hearts of the people towards belief in Our Lord, Our Lady and the Saints: but these are not “purified” gods and goddesses, the old worship has quite disappeared. Thus Abraham supplanted the natural worship offered by Melchisedech; prophet after prophet led Israel away from the Baalim, only themselves to be transcended by the Baptist: the history of the Christian Prophets has always been one of martyrdom: we ourselves will reach nothing better save by the Way of the Cross. An unusual book, worthy to be many times reread.

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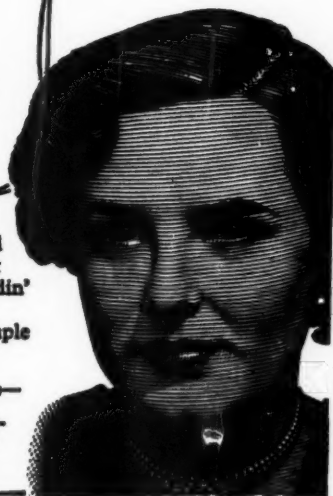
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